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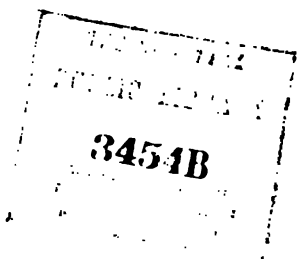


THE
BOOK OF GEMS

IN

PROSE AND POETRY.

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THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF;

OR,

THE HOME OF MEDORA.

CHAPTER I.

FAR back in the annals of our country's history, though it seems but a little time since, the fair-haired boy broke from the nursery bonds that confined him, to test his untried powers with the fond realities of life ; like the young eaglet, who from his leafy nest, looks into the sun, until his bright blue eye penetrates the shadowy forms at play among the dim waves of ocean ; or as the child waking to sweet consciousness, looks into its mother's eye, and sees a world of tenderness there, till the bright angel of its dreams paints her sweet smile, and the heart of age turns to the picture and feels all the bliss of its happy innocence.

Ages have circled away, and empires with their

THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF;
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CHAPTER I.

regal splendor, like billows, rose and fell, yet, in the mind of unchanging God, dwelt the hope of those that wept, that they might walk with him, and as a shining pledge of his truce, He sat his signal star, whose mild effulgence lighted the mariner to its Indian wilds; nor have Americans forgotten him who found their forest home, and as our banner's starry field floats o'er old ocean's tide, one thought of gratitude remains, as the heart of age turns to the picture of its earliest joy; so will the memory of the heroes gone live in our minds, while there is one to share the liberty and peace their valor won, and as their names transcend through distant lines of sons, like jewels found in climes afar, they shall have new lustre with each acquiring year. Let us mingle awhile with the men who were the founders of our land; the scenes of strife, of peril and of blood, have passed for her more palmy days, and her jewelled hand encloses the future destiny of a world.

In the forest shades of Pennsylvania, not far distant from the Juniata, stood a cabin, in a clearing just large enough to allow its occupants to transact such of their domestic affairs as required an immediate contact with the open air. In this cabin sat two men, who as their dress indicated, were hunters;

it was constructed of logs, after the usual custom of the early settlers; and Tom Hale, its owner, had for some time been discussing sundry common-place matters, which, however, were gradually losing their interest for a topic of more importance to him. Jack Kandell was an honest, good-natured fellow, as his countenance intimated, but having from his earliest years been associated with Indians, hunters, and trappers, he had no fixed moral principle to guide him. Tom Hale was known and dreaded as a sly, sneaking, serpentine villain. "Jack," he said, rousing himself from his lethargy, "we have known each other long enough—if we are not friends now, we had better part." Jack, supposing he was to be signally honored by some new trust, looked steadily in the face of his companion as he continued, "you have whimpered and sighed at the feet of old Lyle's daughter long enough, and it is high time you had some settled mode of life, and that these savage devils should be made to feel that they have a master, who is rigid, resolute and exacting, and that the soil which they have held worse than useless, should be turned to our account. I tell you, Jack, I have notions in my heart, like seeds sown in the earth, which need the warm sun and rain to mature them."

"But," said Jack, "I cannot leave Medora, though she has no heart for me now."

"No one asks you to leave Medora," replied Hale ; "once made defenceless by the death of her pedant father, and his pupil Warvakenia, and she will cling to you like the bark to a tree."

It sometimes happens, that the most incautions, hit upon the best suggestions. Jack, who, during the conversation, had observed an old squaw lying upon the ground, remarked, that she might betray them, to which Hale, who supposed her to be asleep, replied, "there is no fear of that ;" yet a singular twitching about her mouth, and a mysterious twinkle of her eye, showed that she was deeply sensible to all that was passing around her.

Jack mused for some time, while his companion remained silent—at length he said, "How do you propose bringing this about ?"

"You have only to follow the trail which I shall point out to you," replied Hale ; "the dog never forgets the scent of his master—meet me at the hunt to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

ON the brow of a hill, whose mossy sides sloping downward towards the valley, till hid in a rivulet that sparkled at its base, stood a little cottage, around whose porch, at that early day, the myrtle and the honeysuckle had entwined their tender branches, till the place was embowered in an arbor of roses.

In the midst of this sweet wild of beauty was a solid rock, where Medora, the light of this magic scene, spent the sultry hours of noon, watching the rivulet, which seemed to have tunneled its way through the rock till lost in the shadowy woods beyond.

It was evening now, and the sylph-like form of Medora, loved by the forest sons and their mountain chief, sat watching the moon as she walked up her starry path of light, while the sweet environs of the place lent their soft fragrance to the breeze, that gently curled the river's brink, which was now and then dotted by a light canoe, and whose transparent surface reflected the declining day-beams like a

burnished mirror. There she sat listening to the birds as they chanted their evening song, till wrapt in that sweet extacy of thought, which sorrows when disturbed, like one waking from a delicious dream, till roused by one, whom she was wont to consider as a brother, but who was an adopted son of Mr. Lyle, her father.

“Medora,” he said in a kind tone, “papa has proposed a sail this evening.—Will you join us?”

She returned his warm pressure, and throwing back the raven tresses that shaded her snowy brow, with countenance radiant with pleasure and enthusiasm she prepared to follow him.

Mr. Lyle was an English gentleman of fortune, and although without a title, he had gained great celebrity among the diplomatic circles for his knowledge of mining and surveying, and had emigrated to this country under the auspices of the government.

Mrs. Eleanor Lyle, a lady of exquisite beauty, and rare accomplishments, died, when Medora, her perfect image, and to whom the heart of the old man turned, as her own beautiful counterpart, was too young to form any distinct recollection of her.

Clarence Woodville was the son of an English

officer, an intimate friend of Mr. Lyle, who it was supposed had died in service abroad ; the boy had been adopted by Mr. Lyle as his own, and the former wishing to shield him from the temptations likely to be met in a country new like ours, permitted him to associate with his daughter as intimately as if she were his sister, hence a strength of affection grew up between them, with which the parent of the young girl was wholly unacquainted.

The parties had by this time reached the shore, where a boat was in waiting for them, and having taken their seats, they pushed off.

The moon rode high in the clear blue vault of heaven, and now, and then, bright jets of light fell amid the opening shadows of the trees, like meteor beams.

"Papa," said Medora, as they passed down the stream, "is it not sad to think, that all this loveliness must, ere long, be despoiled by the rude hand of man?"

"It is," replied her father, "and when we reflect that this people must sooner or later exist only in story, we are reminded of the blessedness of our first parents in the happy Eden which they lost."

As the river widened, and the forest deepened,

a form could have been seen, which, but for its motions evincing life, might have been mistaken for one of the smaller oaks. He was a tall, powerful, athletic man, and seemed familiar with the party, as his round, clear tone made the forest ring with his loud halloo.

"'Tis Warvakenia," said Medora, and they were about to near the shore, in order to receive him, when he sprang into the boat, which dipped deeply beneath the shock, but soon, however, regained its easy motion, when Clarence remarked, that there was another boat near them.

"'Tis Tom Hale, and his party," said Mr. Lyle, who had been watching their approach.

Having exchanged courtesies, the peace-pipe was handed by the Monarch of the wood, who called for one of those sweet songs, which he said the White Swan sang so well. Medora timidly complying with his request, sang the following strain :

Wild is thy mountain home,
Chief of thy warriors' brave,
Where the deer, in its freedom, loves to roam,
And the pines in their beauty wave.

Wild is thy mountain home,
Where the eagle builds its nest,

.

And proudly dips in the dashing foam,
Its bright and sparkling crest.

Where the dread echoes ring,
Thy nightly couch is spread,
Where the storm-bird flaps its fitful wing,
And the storm-cloud rears its head.

The Indian would have praised the song, but his attention was attracted by a black cloud from the West, that crossed the moon's bright disc, which he said omened ill, as he beckoned them to the shore.

"See," said Medora, playfully, "'tis gone now."

"Yes, my child," he replied, "the hand of the Great Spirit has brushed it away."

As the boats were about to separate, Tom Hale remarked, that there would be a hunt to-morrow, to which he cordially invited the parties.

Warvakenia said, that he should be happy to meet them on their return, at the council-fire, where he should address his warriors.

Medora sought her home along the crystal waters. It was late ere the young people left the porch that night, and as they parted, their eyes told how much their young souls felt of love.

•

CHAPTER III.

THE morning broke clear and bright ; but scarcely had the gray dawn given place to the opening day, when Mr. Lyle and our young hero were equipped for the hunt.

Tom Hale and his party, consisting of himself, Jack Kandell, and a few Indians on foot, were on the spot.

They breakfasted at the Home, whose beauties we have described in a preceding chapter of our story, and then Warvakenia led the way to the hunting-grounds.

The riders changed places several times during the morning, and at last Tom Hale found himself at the side of our young hero.

"A fine morning, this, for the hunt," said Tom. Clarence nodded in the affirmative.

"Ride leisurely along, my boy," he continued ; "I have something to say to you. Our horses are fleet, and we can easily overtake them at any time."

Clarence consented to the proposal of Tom, and the latter looking him steadily in the face, said :

"Are you sure that your confidence has not been misplaced at home?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied Clarence.

"What I mean," said Tom, "you will the better understand in time; when you have known the world as I have, you will put a higher estimate on integrity, and the more pity those who fall."

"If you mean me to infer," replied Clarence, "that you think me dissatisfied with the conduct of my foster-father, then I must frankly tell you, that a life-time devoted to his service, could not repay his care."

"Then I have nothing more to offer," said Tom. "Let us catch up."

"Mr. Hale," said Clarence, in a respectful tone, "I should be happy to hear anything you may have to say."

"You are a frank, open-hearted, disingenuous boy," rejoined Tom. "I could do you an invaluable service, but it would enrol a compact, into which you would not enter."

"Tom," said Clarence, "you knew me years ago, it was your hand that first led me through these forest-wilds, and you ought not thus to distrust me now."

"It is not distrust," answered Tom, "but as you

would hesitate in giving me your confidence, in this matter, I have no disposition to incur the censure and ill-will of your friends."

"Tell me all," said Clarence, "and I promise that it shall be forever locked in my own bosom."

"Swear, then," replied Tom, "that you will not only keep my secret, but, in whatever step you take, you will be guided by my council—what I tell you, that do."

"I do swear," said the boy, "in the presence of the omnipresent God."

"You did not know, then," said Tom, "that Mr. Richards, the mail-carrier, was here this week, and that your foster-father intends making a midshipman of you?"

"I must have further proof of this," replied Clarence.

"Then read this," said Tom, handing him a letter, which a single glance convinced him was the handwriting of his foster-father.

The letter, addressed to Captain Arthur, contained an account of his father's will, of which Mr. Lyle was made the sole executor. It empowered him to take legal measures to adopt the boy as his own. It stated that the large fortune, of which he was

the trustee, should be used with care during his minority, and at his adult period, such investments should be made as in his judgment were best calculated to advance the interests of the boy. It further stipulated, that he should receive from the hands of Mr. Lyle, a liberal education, and here that gentleman ventured to insert his opinion, that the best method of carrying out the will of his deceased friend, would be to place Clarence in his Majesty's service, where he would gain a knowledge of the world and navigation ; he therefore requested Captain Arthur to procure him an appointment in the navy, where he would receive all the privileges and immunities compatible with his rank.

"How came you by this intelligence?" asked the boy, half angrily.

"Mr. Richards and I are old friends," replied Tom. "I saw him yesterday, and inquired if he had any despatches from your foster-father ; he showed me these, which I detained, in order that you might have a glance at their contents before they left."

"Is it possible," said the boy, "that my father could have done so foolishly," and but for his pride he could have wept.

Tom noticed his chagrin with well-feigned sorrow, while he inwardly triumphed at his success.

The boy was giddy with excitement, he felt that he had been wronged by his best friend—the truth flashed upon him in a moment—he thought of all loves of by-gone years, and saw them forever the blighted.

Tom, who seemed to have divined his thoughts while standing there, assured him that all would yet be well. “ You will get up a sail to-morrow night ; I and my party will be in waiting ; the old man once secured, we will compel him to give you the will, and the hand of his daughter ; this done, you will need no other proof of my friendship—we will be the only lords in the country.”

Hardly had they time to remount, when the sound of the somewhat distant hunt reached them ; from a little eminence, to which a moment's ride brought them, the chase was in full sight. Tom, who could not resist the pleasure, dashed forward, leaving Clarence loitering behind. On they rushed, dogs, horses and men, with the fearful impetuosity of a torrent—now leaping over precipices, now darting through deep ravines, now bounding over wide gaps and ditches that intercepted their path, while the

wild yells of the pursuers, gave every moment a new impetus to the hunt.

The ardor of the chase was at its height ; they had reached a fearful steep, down which the affrighted deer plunged madly, amid pointed crags and rocks, and as the riders felt the awful descent, their brains whirled, and their eyes closed as if to shut out the terrible danger which surrounded them, at the same moment a sharp, quick report of a rifle, followed by a shower of arrows from a party of Indians, who had anticipated her route, and the flight of the light foot deer, the object of their pursuit, was over.

Scarcely had the work of divesting her of her soft skin commenced, when two white forms, who had probably lost sight of her in the race, darted from a thicket, and one of them with child-like instinctiveness laid its beautiful head at the feet of Warvakenia, while its upturned eyes seemed pleading for protection. Much as the Monarch of the forest was accustomed to the scenes of the hunt, he said, they had enough to grace the council-fire, and that the starry eyes of the Great Spirit would turn away from want and cruelty.

The day had passed, and as the parties returned to witness the Indian camp-fire, Tom found our

hero in nearly the same place where he had left him in the morning. Poor boy ! he was unhappy now !

The council-fire blazed amid the deepening woods, and every wrong and unholy thought slept in that moment of joy ; tawny men were there, over whose silvery locks eighty summers had past, and who had seen the young saplings that now waved their green crowns above them—here they were until far in the east was seen the morning star, and then all eyes were turned to the proud form of Warvakenia, who said—“My children, the embers of the council-fire are dying, the hand of the Great Spirit is shutting the eyes of night, and the west wind is waking up the dewy morn.

“A few more waning moons, and the council-fires will go out for ever, and Warvakenia will go to the happy hunting grounds of his Great Father, that lie far beyond the ‘big sea water.’

“Where are the tall oaks, under whose green branches Warvakenia played ? They have fallen, and the home of the pale-face stands where they grew. So must the red man lie down in his bed of dust—the hunter must cease to bend the bow, and the cry that sounded among the distant hills be heard no longer, for the Great Spirit shall kindle a

fire that shall burn till his red children be no more."

Most of the young who heard this melancholy speech, attributed it to his dotage, in which they said he was considerably advanced.

Mr. Lyle and Clarence sought their home, and Tom Hale communicated to Jack Kendall the scheme for the ensuing evening.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER twilight came soft and balmy, and as its shadows lengthened into evening, the little party waited impatiently on the shore of the Juniata for their boat to come up. Medora amused herself by gathering wild flowers, and selecting the fairest for her father.

How sweet to behold the heart of age, thus participating in the sports of youth—like one, who in Siberia's wastes of snow, breathes in his dreams the fragrance of flowers that grew in his own dear native clime. While thus engaged, the splashing of oars was heard, and the next moment the little boat lay rocking at their feet.

Not a cloud was to be seen on the blue expanse of heaven, and the moon threw her long pencils of light adown the waving trees, as the boat glided away, bearing all of happiness within, nor thought to meet a foe ;—like one who takes the proffered glass from friendship's hand, nor thinks that in its sweet draught lurks a poison, till it is too late to think.

Warvakenia amused the party with stories of his tribe ; and the peace-pipe, which was said to be given by the author of life, was passed, and Medora, who had woven a rosy chaplet, gave it to the chief, and he promised to wear it near his heart, until the bright children they begat should bloom again.

At this moment a savage yell was heard, and half a dozen Indians sprang into the water, and swam towards them. "Horror ! what is that ? save me, save me," cried Medora, clinging to the arm of her father. Rifle-balls, and arrows fell among them like hail, and the same instant, the oarsman had fallen to rise no more. Warvakenia, who was impatient for the fight, took his place, and turned the head of the boat towards the shore. Mr. Lyle, who saw the form of Tom Hale among the foe, sprang towards him with the alacrity of a tiger, while his daughter

still clung to him for protection. The fatal arrow came—it pierced her—she fell. Warvakenia, who saw it leave the bow of Hale, struck at him with all the native ferocity of his people, and in a moment his scalp hung bleeding at his girdle. No sooner had the Indians beheld the eye of their chieftain, than they fled from the place.

Clarence, who witnessed the fall of the young girl, hastened to her side. “Medora,” he said, “my own beloved Medora, mine was the hand that dealt the cruel blow, and must I tell you, in this last parting hour, that the bosom where you have so oft reclined, and where love was wont to gush, like the living stream from a rock, was poisoned by foul treachery and deceit ! yet, the fault was not all mine.” Just then her bright eyes opened and looked forth—a vacant stare, and they closed forever in the sleep of death.

There is a grief that brooks no words, nor speech, and as its darkness settles o’er the soul—if not seen the light that shines from Jesus, or felt the hope which alone the Christian knows, the frail bark sinks. Yet it was not so with that father ; to him death came not—once more his heart rose, but not with hope—but to feel the bitterest anguish, and to know that it was just.

“Boy,” he said, “it was I who murdered your father—take his paltry gains, and leave this heart to burn in the hell of misery, till it is pure as the tried gold.”

Clarence Woodville returned to England, and learned that the will, that placed his father's fortune at the disposal of Mr. Lyle, was a forgery, and that he, Mr. Lyle, had been aided in its construction by Capt. Arthur, who was an accomplice in the murder.

Long was the wail, and many were the stories told of Medora, who sleeps in her little mossy bed, on the green shores of the bright Juniata.

One day, about the close of the Indian summer, Warvakenia ascended one of the adjacent mountains, wrapt in his cloak, from which the Indians say the Great Spirit took him home.

ANNIE HERBERT.

"ONE moment, only one moment, dear mamma," said Annie Herbert, as she stepped from among the roses, with which she had been playing, and looked pleadingly into her mother's face. "These flowers are so lovely, and they have been talking to me so gently that I cannot bear to leave them."

"Talking to you, my child?" said Mrs. Herbert, smiling.

"Yes, mamma, they have been telling me of that great and good Being who gave them such beautiful colors, and who made the bright moon and the pretty stars that shine upon me, when I am sleeping; but, mamma," she continued, thoughtfully, "they will die soon, and I shall be very lonely and very sad, for I remember when poor papa died, and they carried him away and laid him in the old church-yard; and when I wept and begged you to let me stay with him, you told me that only his body was there, and that *he* had gone to be an an-

gel in heaven. Oh, mamma, how I wish I were an angel !”

Mrs. Herbert was silent, for the tender sweetness and the child-like simplicity of Annie’s last words, recalled so vividly the memories of the past, that, unable to control *her* emotion, she threw herself upon the grassy mound, and burst into an agony of tears.

How often have I stood at sunset on the green margin of a transparent lake, and smiled as I beheld my own image mirrored in its pearly waters. I have seen the blue waves sleeping so tranquilly upon its placid bosom, that it seemed as if nothing could break their slumber, and yet the light touch of a canoe, or a pebble thrown by a careless hand, has ruffled its whole surface in a moment.

Such at least, in many instances, may be considered a true picture of life.

There are sorrows that lie concealed in the close folds of the human heart, and for a time sleep as calmly as the waves upon the lakelet’s bosom, and the heart too dreams on, as if unconscious of its grief ; yet let it catch but the sweet tones of a familiar voice, the low breathings of a harp, *any thing* that reminds it of a being it has once loved, and like the stream, ruffled by the pebble and the

canoe, it will instantly become troubled and agitated.

Who has not seen the summer sky beaming with untold loveliness, suddenly overcast with storm-clouds, yet as they passed away, it seemed more calm and serene, more bright and beautiful than before ; thus it was with Mrs. Herbert—when her paroxysm of grief was over, her countenance assumed its wonted cheerfulness, and turning to the child she said, musingly—

“I have done wrong thus to indulge my own feelings at the expense of one so delicate, though thou art dear to me as my own life, and the only tie that binds me to earth ; yet heaven knows I would rather that even this chord were broken than thou whom I have nursed from thy cradle, shouldst live to be told the fatal secret of ——.” She paused abruptly, and taking Annie gently by the hand, directed their steps along the circuitous path which led to her own residence.

This was a beautiful villa, situated at one end of a garden tastefully ornamented with a variety of flowery shrubs and plants ; on either side were dense groves of orange trees, with here and there a magnolia waving its delicate white blossoms in

the laughing breeze ; these were met by a range of lofty hills, from which could be distinctly seen wide and extensive fields, teeming with hundreds of ebon forms busily engaged in the cultivation of rice, cotton, &c., while far away in the distance the rude cabin of the slave bore a striking contrast to the elegant mansion of his master.

Half reclining on a little ottoman, at the feet of Mrs. Herbert, sat the fair form of the gentle child ; with one hand she closed the sacred volume, from which she had been reading, then raising her large blue eyes, with a look of angelic purity, she lisped forth her evening prayer, and as the last words died upon her lips, her head sank wearily upon her mother's bosom, and she was soon in a profound slumber.

Mrs. Herbert listened to her quiet breathings till she became lost in one of those sweet reveries that sometimes unlock the vault of buried years and bring the past before us.

Borne on the sportive wings of imagination, her thoughts went back to the home of her youth, when, like the child nestling on her bosom, she revelled in the sunshine that surrounded her, happy as the bird

that plumes its pinions high in air, nor dreams of approaching danger.

A sharp, quick sound, followed by a strange rustling among the trees which shaded the half-open window, at which she was then sitting, caused her to start nervously, and taking Annie in her arms, she carried her into an adjoining room and laid her on her own couch—then resuming her seat, she was about to relapse into her former reverie, when the same sound was repeated, and this time was accompanied by a deep groan, as if from some one in distress. Summoning all her resolution she arose, and moving cautiously towards the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out upon the terrace below.

It was one of those balmy evenings so peculiar to a southern clime, when nature seems to regale herself in the cool breeze, as one by one she folds up the tiny leaves of her young flowers, and lays them to rest on her verdant bosom.

There is a silence, which from its very intensity, becomes almost intolerable, and we are ready to rejoice at anything, to relieve its dreadful monotony. So thought Mrs. Herbert, as moment after moment rolled on, and she was still ignorant as to the cause of her alarm ; half smiling at her credulity, she was

beginning to attribute her fears to an over-excited imagination, when the moon suddenly burst forth, in all its majestic splendor, disclosing to her astonished and bewildered eyes, a tall figure, crouching among the shrubs, directly beneath her window.

Drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, he bound it tightly around his left arm, from which the blood was flowing profusely ; then casting upon her a look of inexpressible anguish, sprang into a thicket, and was gone, while Mrs. Herbert, uttering a wild cry of horror, fell fainting to the floor.

At this critical moment, old Richard, commonly called Uncle Dick, returning from an adjacent town, whither he had been sent on some important mission by his mistress, entered her apartment, and finding her pale and almost lifeless, ran in quest of the two female servants, Aunt Mirian and Lucy, who had left the premises only a short time before, on a visit to a neighboring plantation.

These faithful and devoted creatures, had been reared in the family of Mr. Edward Gray, the father of Mrs. Herbert, and at his death, was bequeathed to his daughter. On opening his will, it was found that Mr. Gray had appropriated a considerable sum to be used in case of sickness, or in their declining

years. The will expressly stipulated, that on no condition, they were to pass into other hands, and in the event of Mrs. Herbert's decease, they should be free. With the skill of an experienced nurse, Aunt Mirian proceeded to apply the necessary remedies, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her mistress restored to consciousness.

On opening her eyes, her first enquiry was for Annie, who fortunately had remained in happy ignorance of all that had transpired.

Uncle Dick and Lucy ventured to suggest the propriety of calling in the aid of the family doctor, but Aunt Mirian, whose word was always law in matters of importance, declared that all the doctors in Christendom couldn't do any more than she had done, and in her opinion, such men weren't of much use, arter all, for there was poor Massa Gray, who had a doctor for more than a year, and one morning he came in, and told him he couldn't do no more for him, he must die.

"Uncle Dick," she continued, emphatically addressing her husband, "you remember that."

Uncle Dick did remember, but his heart was too full to reply, and burying his face in his brawny hand, he hastily left the room.

CHAPTER II.

It was the close of a sultry afternoon, that a man on horseback might have been seen riding leisurely towards a small town, not far distant from the present capital of Louisiana. He was apparently about thirty-five, or forty years of age, with a strong muscular frame, long bushy hair, a huge mustache, and a pair of small gray eyes, which rendered his appearance by no means prepossessing. His dress consisted of a coarse home-spun shirt, striped pants, and a coat so completely worn, that it was nearly thread-bare.

Ralph Harding had long held the reputation of a most cruel and despicable wretch ; so great was his notoriety, that for miles around, scarcely a single crime was perpetrated, that could not in some way be traced to his instrumentality. Yet with the shrewdness and sagacity, which served him on all occasions, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the law, and thus escape the punishment which his infamous deeds so justly merited.

Men of his stamp, however, are seldom found in

utter destitution of those moral qualities which shed a lustre over the dark shadows of their character.

Like the stream, whose pearly waves reflect the sunbeam, pure as when it falls from heaven's resplendent ray, yet for those who would slake their thirst in its cool depths, there lurks a poison, which it imbibes from plants that grow around its green margin. So it was with Ralph Harding, a man whose early years were graced with powers, which pointed to the glorious crown of fame, honor and renown, but in an evil day, they were blighted, and now his hands were stained with blood, and his soul steeped in crime, till every remembrance of the past was lost to him.

Ralph had continued to ride at the same easy pace, for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the sound of horses' hoofs behind him made him quicken his speed.

He had hardly time to examine a brace of pistols, which he kept constantly near his person, when a man armed to the teeth rode hastily up to him, and seizing the reins of his horse, which had accidentally fallen from his hand, held them fast.

Ralph was not a man to shrink in the hour of danger, for he had more than once been placed in

circumstances of extreme peril—in this instance, however, he saw but little cause for alarm. He knew that he possessed a decided advantage over his antagonist, who, he thought, would hardly venture to cope with him.

For some time the parties regarded each other in silence. At length, the latter cried out, "Villain, your hour has come."

No shots were exchanged.

Ralph replaced his pistols, with a coolness that somewhat surprised his combatant. Both drew their polished steel, which reflected the sunbeam, and, as if guided by instinct, made a simultaneous thrust at each other.

Ralph was an adroit swordsman, and as he dealt the blow, managed to place his sword directly under that of his opponent, giving him a fearful blow on the wrist, and inflicting a terrible wound as he did so.

Accustomed to scenes of blood, and for reasons best known to himself, he took no notice of the advantage of his position, but rode hurriedly away in an opposite direction.

When he reached a place which he was accustomed to designate as his home, and which was

known only to his associates, he was met by the pale form of a care-worn woman, over whose fair brow the summer of life seemed to have passed ; yet, in her declining days, she had not lost all the beauty of her former self. Throwing her thin, attenuated arms about his neck, she said in a voice passionate with love—

“ Dear Ralph, you have come at last, and I am so happy !”

Ralph looked at her for a moment, then leading her to a rustic seat, he said—

“ Mary, you deserve a better fate. Would to God it were in my power to restore you to the home and the comforts you have so nobly sacrificed for me. Why will you still continue to lavish your affection upon one who has proved so recreant to the high trust reposed in him, and so neglectful of the charms you gave me on that happy day when I first called you mine ?”

“ Say not so, Ralph,” she murmured, “ it is only your absence makes me wretched.”

“ Then you shall be wretched no longer,” replied Ralph. “ Henceforth I will endeavor to make your home as happy as the one from which I took you.”

"Oh, Ralph!" she exclaimed, "how have I prayed for this. I do not dream—I hear your voice, and see you, too."

Poor soul, her happiness was too bright to last.

"And my brother," she continued, "you will forgive him, and he will forget his animosity, when he sees how blest we are."

"Hush, hush," interrupted Ralph, "you know not what you are saying;" then in a milder tone, he added, "but I am weary now, and must have rest."

CHAPTER III.

A FEW evenings after the events we have just described, Annie took her way from the beautiful home of Mrs. Herbert, to spend as she was accustomed to do, a short time among the flowers. As she gathered their fragrant blossoms, her sweet voice vied with the birds, as they sung among the leafy branches that waved above her head. While thus occupied, and lost to everything that was passing around her, the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the shadows of twilight had faded into evening; yet, she saw not the being who had

cautiously approached her, and who stood watching with interest the dreamy listlessness which lent an additional charm to the beautiful child. He felt a pleasure as he gazed on her beautiful face, and he indulged it, till fearing that she might be missed, he encircled her light form with his arm, and thrusting a handkerchief into her mouth, to stifle her cries, bore her hurriedly away.

"Mary," he said as he entered his dwelling, "I have brought you a little playmate, to beguile your weary hours in my absence."

The child, loosed from his embrace, sprang to the side of the woman, and in a voice that mingled with her tears, implored to be taken back to her own dear mamma.

"Ralph," said Mary, "what is this? If you have robbed a mother of her offspring, I conjure you by the love you once bore the little plant which we have laid away that it might bloom in a brighter sphere, to restore her to that mother again."

"Never mind," said Ralph, affecting an air of indifference, "for the present she must remain here. Be kind to her, and ere long her love will make you forget your sorrow for the little one that is gone."

CHAPTER IV.

IN a secluded spot, where the green shore is laved by the clear bright waters of the Mississippi, and the long dark branches of the willow bend gracefully, as if to catch the wild music of the rolling waves, stood an edifice, which, though somewhat dilapidated in its appearance, still retained much of its original splendor, and stately magnificence. In one of its apartments, through whose gothic windows the crescent moon threw a soft and melancholy lustre, sat a man, from whose dark eyes the light of enthusiasm had fled, and whose countenance wore an expression of such intense grief, that it was painful to mark its workings, and to know that that grief was sapping the very springs of life, and if unmitigated, must ere long doom its victim to a premature grave. Hither he had stolen as if to die, after his fearful combat with Harding. Stunned by the blow, and weakened by the loss of blood, he brooded over the ills of his past life, and sought to make his peace with heaven, whose confines he longed to enter, where there would be no

more strife. In this melancholy frame of mind, the doctor, who had long shared his confidence from the intimate acquaintance with the affairs of his family, found him.

"Oswell," he said, "I am sorry to see you thus ; yet, your wounds are in no way dangerous, and with care, and a proper effort on your part, to rouse yourself from your present state of depression, a speedy return to health may be anticipated."

"Doctor," he replied sadly, "why should I wish to live, when the hopes that brightened my youth are all gone ? Say, rather, that I shall soon feel the sleep of death stealing over me, and that the silent tomb is waiting to receive my weary head, and it will the better cheer me in this hour."

The doctor, knowing that these feelings were strengthened by some febrile tendencies incident to his disease, left him without saying further.

Mrs. Herbert, who had mused till the dewy twilight had lapsed into the deepening shades of night, was startled a little to find that Annie had not returned. Aunt Mirian was called, and sent in quest of her among the flowers, where she used to play. She did not succeed, however, and returned to tell her mistress that Annie was not there.

Uncle Dick, and the remaining servants of the house, searched every walk and arbor of the garden, but the child could not be found. Thus they passed the night, and Mrs. Herbert, incapable of further action, felt that the arrow that pierced her own heart, was not more keen than the one with which she had pierced the heart of Annie's father. Days came and went, and her sorrow was too deep for speech. The servants, too, caught her spirit, but were unable to learn anything of the missing child.

Ralph, who had been absent from his home for several successive days, returned to find the beautiful little Annie, whom he had deprived of a mother's care, pale and dying. Her dove-like eyes, that shone with such inexpressible brightness, were dim and vacant, and that voice of ineffable sweetness, vieing with the birds, as they beguiled the long days of summer with their rural melodies, was soon to be hushed forever; but she was lovely yet, her features, glowing with a hectic flush, beamed with a smile of angelic purity, and the lamp of hope illumined the depths of the soul, when the heart felt that it was parting from all it loved and clung to here, and but for the arm that saved the wanderer upon the deep, it must sink.

Ralph bent over the couch of the little sufferer, and as he gazed upon her emaciated form, he could have wept. At that moment, her large blue eyes opened, and turned their deep, earnest gaze full upon him as she said—

“My own dear mamma, won’t you please to bring her to me once more before I die?”

There is no heart so far from good that it cannot be moved by sorrow—so was it with Harding. What at another time he would promptly refuse, was won from him by the tender pleadings of that child.

Though Annie had been but a little time with Mary, she failed not to lavish upon her every care and attention which could contribute to her comfort, and the heart of childhood, more susceptible than that of maturer years, clung to her, and had she lived, would never have forgotten her kindness.

“Mary,” she said, “I am going now. I heard the angels call my name—you have been good to me, look for me in heaven—live and hope to meet me there. Tell him I forgive him—and my mamma, how I loved her.”

As she spoke, her lips parted with the same sweet smile. Her eyes closed, and her pure spirit went up to dwell among the angels.

Ralph and Mrs. Herbert came too late to witness her dying moments, and the latter, made penitent by her death, felt that Mr. Oswell should be made acquainted with the one who had so deeply wronged him ; nor were the scene and its effects lost upon the mind of Harding.

The crescent moon which we saw a few evenings since, shone with a milder lustre on that new-born soul. As he acknowledged the forgery that had separated Mrs. Herbert and Henry Oswell, a mutual reconciliation took place. Mrs. Herbert and Oswell renewed the attachment of by-gone years, and as she once more leaned her head confidingly on his bosom, she told him that she had stolen his child, because it bore his own dear image.

Mary received her brother's forgiveness, and with Ralph, soon removed to the far West.

Mrs. Herbert and Oswell lived long, to enjoy a life of virtue, piety and peace.

PHILLIP SYNCLAVE;

OR,

THE TRAITOR'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those dingy lanes, which so often attract the eye of the pedestrian, as he saunters carelessly along the thickly peopled streets of London, stood an ancient mansion, somewhat peculiar in its structure and appearance.

It was built of huge massive stone ; its high gothic windows were fortified with strong iron bars, and on either side it was surrounded by a dense wall, so constructed as to render it inaccessible, except by one entrance, which was carefully guarded by an old grey-headed sentinel—who it was said, had kept his post for more than a quarter of a century.

This mansion had given rise to a series of vague and inconclusive conjectures, -and was looked upon

by the illiterate, with a kind of superstitious awe. It was rumored that, at different times, persons had been seen to enter its gloomy precincts ; but their fate was curiously interwoven with the clandestine movements of its occupants, and every trace and vestige of them forever lost to the world. The time of its erection, its authors, and the object for which it was designed, are alike matters of speculation ; but at the date of our story the place was uninhabited, and the ivy had long since learned to creep along its dilapidated walls.

Phillip Synclave was alone in his counting room, the business of the day was over, and having collected and arranged several important documents, which lay scattered upon his writing-desk, he put them carefully aside, and wrapping himself in a Spanish cloak, walked hurriedly up the narrow street which led to the mysterious mansion. As he approached it, a shudder passed over him, and for a single moment he stood trembling and irresolute ; then drawing a key from his pocket, he proceeded to undo the ponderous gate, with an adroitness which proved that the task, though somewhat difficult, was one to which he was by no means a stranger. A circuitous path brought him to a large iron door—this

was speedily opened, then with a still, sly, serpentine sagacity, he groped his way up the broken staircase, and at length succeeded in reaching an apartment, whose very atmosphere was pregnant with guilt, and whose appearance told a tale of such dreadful enormity, that its lightest whisper would have tainted the warm blush ere it brightened on the fair brow of innocence ; and yet, amid all the terrors of this unhallowed place—blackened by every species of vice and wickedness, there was one, who with an air of fierce determination, yet cool indifference, sat clutching the weapons that had drank the blood of many an unfortunate victim—but his eye quailed not, nor did his spirits sink within him ; that one was Phillip Synclave.

More than an hour had passed, when footsteps were heard approaching the door ; it was opened by Synclave, and a tall, muscular figure, so completely masked as to render his features invisible, walked quietly into the apartment, and without uttering a word, placed himself in a large unwieldy chair, which creaked beneath his weight ; then staring into the darkness, while a cold horror passed through every lineament of his frame, distorting his features, and stilling for a moment the very pulsations of life, as

if he feared to meet the spirit of some unhappy wretch that had panted there.

Far away in the distance the rumbling thunder might have been heard mingling with the low murmur of the wind, like the awful mutterings of *Achis* himself. They moved in silence ; and could the light have been there, the dilations of the eye, those windows of the soul, would have disclosed the fearful workings of the demon within. Synclave was the first to speak : " Timpson," he said, " the night wanes, and it is necessary that I proceed at once to the exposition of a plan, in which I consider your aid indispensable : promise me then"——he paused.

The wind, which but a moment before, had been playfully talking to the flowers, now grew more turbulent.

" Go on," said Timpson, "'tis but the wind, go on."

" Well, then," replied Synclave, " the peculiar incidents of our lives should make our fortunes one ; the plan which I am about to unfold, may be equally remunerative to both.—Will you share it with me ?"

" I am willing to share anything," rejoined Timpson, " that has for its object, friends, fortune, and position."

" Steel your conscience then," hissed the wretch,

"and prepare to steep those hands—that have so often given their palm to the young, the innocent, the fair—in blood, in crime, and in death. Come, Timpson, let's plight our good faith to each other by an oath."

So saying, he arose, and taking a rusty lamp, struck a light from a tinder-box, and placed it upon a table, on which were some bits of parchment and an old dusty volume sealed with a clasp; they opened, and on the inspired page, where the lisping child may read, and as he reads, grow in hope, holiness, and heaven, like Him who was himself a child, their hands were set—the die was cast, and the oath taken, and as it passed their lips, a vivid glare of lightning, extinguishing the lamp which had shed a flickering light through the apartment, was followed by successive peals of thunder, which seemed to rend the very heavens in twain, and shook the old tenement, where they were sitting, to its very center.

"What a fearful night!" exclaimed Timpson.

"It is," replied Synclave, "but let's on.—You are aware of the relation existing between myself and Frederick Walton, and from the mention of his cognomen, you must also be aware that his wealth is the object of my scheme; his death alone can

place it at my disposal ; in this I shall make you my accomplice—you must do the deed ; the plan is facile and easy.

“In the room he occupies, is a closet, where I am accustomed to keep my choice books. I will give you the key, and you can secrete yourself without fear of detection. This done, fix your eye steadily on the aperture through which the key passes, watch his movements in retiring, and be sure he is asleep before making your egress, then creep cautiously to his bedside, and when the bright steel once finds his heart, it will need polishing ere it shines again.”

“The plan,” replied Timpson, “is well drawn, and only remains to be executed. If it find not a faithful friend in me, I have mistaken myself, and you have committed an error for which a life-time could not atone.”

They paused. Then rising from their seats, while a smile of malignant satisfaction lit up the countenance of both, they parted.

CHAPTER II.

IN an apartment of a superb mansion, situated near the center of one of the most fashionable streets of London, sat a young lady of extraordinary beauty. She was neatly attired, in a simple white morning dress, and her rich brown hair fell in a profusion of natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders ; her delicately-rounded arms were thrown with a sort of careless negligence over the strings of a harp, and her soft hazel eyes, now drooping beneath their long silken lashes, and now looking up with a half playful and half thoughtful expression, as if she were indulging in some happy dream, too bright and beautiful to be broken. Gracefully rising from the half recumbent position in which she had been sitting, her tiny fingers meandered among the strings of her favorite instrument, and in a voice of angelic sweetness she sang—

Pensively, tenderly on their light wing,
Morning's young zephyrs their aroma fling
Over the fountains that, sportive and gay,
Dance with the sunbeam, and smile at its ray.

Come to me, dearest, where blossom and bee
Merrily warble their music for thee ;
Come to the bank where the buttercups lay,
Weave me a garland of roses to-day.

Her father, who was engaged in the library below, forgetting the business haunts to which he was turning, hastened to the spot, but fearing lest he should break the lyric sweetness of the strain, remained without.

Frederick Walton, who was admitted by a servant just as the prelude wended into the song, remained with her father, spell-bound to the place. When she had concluded, the two gentlemen entered the room, and the young girl, unconscious of their approach, started like a frightened bird.

Sir William Clarendon welcomed the young gentleman to his domicile in a manner which gave great pleasure to both, thus allowing the beautiful little paragon to recover herself.

"Mary," said Sir William, affectionately addressing his daughter, "Mr. Walton."

Frederick bowed and took the hand of the lady addressed, and their eyes beaming with that genial lustre which only young love can impart, told that they had met before.

"Frederick," said Sir William, "you are fast growing into manhood, and the light of my home is fast merging into womanhood."

"Yes," replied Frederick, "and I have often regretted that we should ever grow old—it seems so sweet to be young."

"It does," replied Sir William; then turning to his daughter, he added—"I have long noticed an intimacy springing up between two young hearts, too pure and innocent to be rudely crushed."

"Papa," replied the young girl timidly, "the bird may soar away, but it will never forget the little nest where its mother taught it to sing."

Sir William was pleased with the urbane manners of Mr. Walton, and giving an approving smile to his daughter, politely left the room.

CHAPTER III.

AT the corner of a street, a few days subsequent to the one just described, stood a man evidently absorbed in a topic, which to him seemed a perfect enigma, as he turned it again and again in his mind;

yet he seemed watching the eager living lane, as it poured like a continuous sea up and down the immense thoroughfare—on, ever and anon they rushed, and the sound of ten thousand wheels, mingling with the noisy pedestrians as they passed, made dizzy the brain of the spectator as he looked : yet, amid all this scene of toil and hurry, he stood like one bewildered ; but it was not the turmoil that beclouded his faculties, but the meshes of a deep, dark, damning plot, he was trying to unravel. Roused from his reverie by a man thrust against him by the impetuosity of the crowd, he turned to extricate himself, and beheld the features of Sir William Clarendon.

“Ha ! ho ! Clarendon !” he exclaimed.

“What, you here, Phillip ?” replied the other.

“Hear,” replied Phillip. “I hear,” he continued, “some rumors respecting my ward, and your fair daughter.”

“What of them ?” inquired Sir William.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Phillip, “except what is perfectly natural, and may be highly advantageous to them and to us.”

“Personal advantages,” replied Sir William, “will never influence me in the arrangements I make, for the happiness of my daughter.”

"Noble Sir William," replied Synclave; "you are aware that Frederick is nearing his majority, and I shall be glad to aid you in any plan, which has for its object the consummation of their happiness."

"Why, Phillip," replied Sir William, "I thought you hostile to this."

"Me hostile! I, Sir William—no, no."

"Then we may be friends," said Clarendon.

"Friends, indeed," responded the other.

The business engagements of both put an end to farther conversation—they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IV.

ONCE more did Phillip Synclave seek the old mansion, in the dingy lane, which was so soon to lose its occupants forever.

Seated in the same chair, he awaited his companion, nor did he wait long—the hour appointed for their interview found both in the chamber.

"Timpson," said Synclave, "I am impatient for the event, which shall place his wealth at my disposal. Are you ready?"

"Yes," replied Timpson, "if to-night be opportune, I will do the deed."

Synclave could restrain himself no longer, but bursting into a fiendish laugh, he drew from his pocket a key, exclaiming as he did so—"that will admit you to the closet." Nor was Timpson long in catching the spirit of the wretch before him ; with one hand he eagerly clutched the proffered key, while with the other he drew a dagger from his bosom, and picked its edge to see if it were true.

"Are you sure, Phillip," he inquired, "that his wealth is at your disposal, and at is death, would really be yours?"

"I am," answered Synclave, "I was with his father during his last moments ; it was an evening very much like this—he made me the sole executor of his will. His wife, a Spanish lady, who was of a warm and affectionate turn of mind, lingered a few months after his death, and then pined away, leaving Frederick the only surviving heir to his estate.

There was a time, when Timpson wavered in his purpose, but the demon had gained the mastery over him ; the temptation was too much—it overcame him—he fell.

While these scenes were transpiring in the dingy

lane, two happy beings, in the drawing-room of Sir William Clarendon, sat watching the day-beams gradually losing themselves in the quiet and more pensive hues of approaching twilight.

CHAPTER V.

THE wise man hath said, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" so thought Synclave, as he strolled into a gambling-house, to beguile the few tedious hours that intervened between him and fortune. The saloon was brilliantly lighted, and crowded to its utmost capacity. In a retired part of the room stood a table, covered with a black cloth, around which three persons were seated, but there was still a vacant chair; this was occupied by Synclave—the cards were shuffled up, and the game was about to commence, when a man on the opposite side, with a tall, powerful frame, and a keen, searching black eye, said—"Let's wet our lips, first."

"Agreed, Cockleton," replied Synclave, "it will sharpen us for the game."

The liquor was brought, and all drank heartily,

except Synclave, whose glass was hardly tasted. Several rounds were played—he won at every turn.

Cockleton, who was a shrewd player, saw the bright twinkle in the eye of his antagonist, and determined to cope with him. They drank, and played again, and this time Synclave experienced a reverse of fortune—round succeeded round with the same success. Stimulated by the fumes of the wine, he grew eloquent ; swearing it was the first reverse he had ever experienced in his whole life. The excitement ran high—his friends gathered round him, cheering him at every move, and declaring they would spend the last penny of their fortunes, rather than he should be foiled in the game. Another round was played—Synclave saw he was irretrievably ruined, and rising hastily from his chair, he dashed the cards in the face of his opponent, and stalked through the apartment, a raving madman—he was drugged.

Foul blasphemies, which made those tremble and turn pale that listened—burning anathemas, threats and invectives were malignantly hurled at the heads of his competitors ; and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained from venting his fearful insanity upon those who were peaceable lookers on. In the midst of his fearful franticism, he was arrest-

ed by one of his friends, who chided him for his folly, and besought him to quit the place.

A carriage was in waiting to conduct him to his home—as he walked through the court-yard, his friends keeping close by his side, he reeled, staggered, and must have fallen, but for their support. On entering the door, he rushed through the apartments—stumbling here, falling there, and hastily gathering himself up again ; until he entered a room, and without pausing to know where he was, sank heavily on a couch near him. Left by his friends, he talked deliriously awhile, of the scenes in which he had been participating, until overcome by fatigue and excitement, he dropped into a profound slumber.

Timpson, too, had been revelling, but his eyes were steadily fixed on the gold, with the keen appetite of a vulture. Cautiously inserting a key into the lock, he crept stealthily up stairs, and found his victim, an unconscious sleeper,—he paused—he thought it strange to find Walton thus attired, but it was dark, fearfully dark.

“He sleeps—how tranquilly he sleeps.—When shall he wake again ?”

As he spoke, he drew a dagger, and plunged it, to the very hilt, in the heart's core of his victim.

A groan—a struggle, and all was over.

Timpson thought he heard something like prayer, but there was no hope ; the spirit hurried from earth, caught one glimpse of heaven and Deity, and finding no mercy there, dropped into the abyss, downward, downward.

Having completed his work, Timpson left the house cautiously, as he had entered ; as he passed into the street, venturing to look about him, he saw Frederick Walton, on the opposite side of the way, reading by gas-light.

“Horror of horrors !” he exclaimed ; then fearing lest the wind might whisper the tale, he hurried along.

Frederick Walton reached his home, without knowing he had been observed.

On entering his room, he found his guardian weltering in blood, and fearing lest his name might in some way be connected with the affair, hastened to seek the advice and protection of Sir William Clarendon.

Next morning found both in the library. Much time was spent by the two gentlemen in discussing the various points of the law, having an immediate bearing upon the subject, and Sir William saw that Frederick would be the unavoidable object

of suspicion. Mary, in whose mind some fears of the kind were entertained, rushed into the library, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, burst into tears, as she exclaimed—

“Oh, papa ! save him, save him !”

Sir William succeeded, partially, in allaying the fears of his child, and then, with Frederick and the ministers of the law, repaired to the scene of death, to make inquiries respecting the papers relevant to the estates of the young man.

CHAPTER VI.

IN an apartment elegantly fitted up, though somewhat distant from the scenes narrated in the preceding chapters of our story, sat Robert Timpson and a woman considerably past the meridian of life. They had evidently been conversing for some time, for there were traces of tears in her large blue eyes, and she turned them full upon him.

“Mother,” he said, “you have amassed a considerable fortune.”

“Yes,” replied the woman, “I have gained much, but lost more.”

"I have no time to moralize," replied Timpson. "I wish to negotiate with you for a sum of money which I require, in a manner that will be equally beneficial to both."

The woman read attentively the matter submitted to her, and then said—

"For Margaret's sake, I will do it."

"You remember her then?" inquired Timpson.

"Remember her," repeated the woman—"can a mother forget her child?"

And who was Margaret? Oh, it was sad to think that in days gone by, there was a time when Robert Timpson truly loved, and was the suitor for the fair hand of her who now sleeps in the cold and silent tomb, but their light was too soft and mellow, to shine through deeds as dark as his.

They then proceeded to make a trade of notes, in which the woman was greatly benefited, and Timpson received the stipulated sum. The young couple whose sky was so suddenly darkened by the event that had transpired so near them, were destined to see every cloud dispelled by the rising beams of the star of happiness, which brightened their path.

In a safe connected with the office of Phillip

Synclave, was found the will of the deceased father of Frederick Walton.

No evidences of guilt could be legally traced to our young hero. The real perpetrator of the crime, had for this time succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the law.

One bright May day, when the singing birds told that the laughing spring had come, a bride was decked, and the marriage bell called light feet to the merry dance.

And here let us leave them. And may their little bark glide as peacefully down the stream of life as in days of yore.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?

Frozen and dead,

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.

O doubting heart !

Far over purple seas,

They wait in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze,

To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die ?

Poisoned they lie

In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart !

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While Winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days ;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth !

O doubting heart !

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon (for Spring is nigh)

Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

A MOTHER sat musing at close of day,
By the cradle bed, where her first-born lay;
On the dimple cheek of that cherub fair,
Had fallen a ringlet of golden hair;
And thither a truant sunbeam strayed,
And long with that beautiful tress it played,
Till it faded away, in the crimson west,
And sunk like that innocent child, to rest.

Why trembled a tear in that mother's eye,
As she warbled her simple lullaby—
And her soul-felt prayer, on the breath of even,
Went up to the throne of her God in Heaven!
Can ye fathom the ocean dark and deep,
Where the mighty waves in their grandeur sleep;
Or number the radiant orbs above?
Oh! then may ye fathom a mother's love.

* That pearly tear was a gem more fair
Than the ruby, or the diamond rare,
For it told what language could ne'er reveal,
A love, which a mother alone can feel.
From the fount of life, and the source of light—
From the sacred fields of Elysium bright—
Through the cloudless depths of ethereal blue,
Quickly the form of an Angel flew.

Oh ! soft was the breath of the balmy air,
As it felt the touch of his pinions fair ;
Laden with aroma, sweet from flowers
Of amaranths, cradled in Eden's bowers :
A tear was still in that mother's eye,
As she warbled her simple lullaby ;
For she looked on the angel form that smiled
On the cherub face of her sleeping child.

And she heard the low music of heavenly joy,
Wooing the soul of her darling boy.
There were anxious thoughts in her throbbing breast,
As his parted lips to her own were pressed ;
A moment his eye grew strangely bright,
Then closed in a long and last good night ;
The Angel of mercy—the child of Love,
Together had flown to the realms above.

LINES TO MY MUTE FRIEND,

MRS. E. B.

—

I fold thee to my bosom,
Yet tears are on my cheek,
Our greeting is in silence—
Alas! thou canst not speak;
I feel the gentle pressure
Of thy hand fast locked in mine,
And turn with fond emotion
My yearning eyes to thine.

Oh! can the deep affection
Of hearts so closely twined,
The purest feelings of the soul,
In words, no utterance find?
Is there no language in a smile
To breathe my thoughts to thee?
Thine own dear eyes would answer,
But their glance I may not see.

Thus are we doomed together
To tread life's onward way,—
For thee, no voice of gladness,
For me, no starlight ray;

And yet, we both are happy,
For both I trust have known
That calm delight so sacred,
That flows from God alone.

May he who wooed and won thee,
In life's gay sunny hours,
Still soothe each anxious sorrow,
And strew thy path with flowers;
For though thy ear to earthly sounds,
Forever closed must be,
One look of soul-felt tenderness,
Is all the world to thee.

Then let us never murmur,
Since God in love denies
To us those hallowed blessings
Which others dearly prize.
There is a world above us,
A bright and happy shore,—
There may I gaze upon thee,
And thou be mute no more.

THE HEART.

THE heart, the heart, oh ! wound it not,
That fond, yet fragile thing,
Whose tendrils, like the clustering vine,
Around thy own would cling.

Though sunny beams may o'er thee play,
Though smiles thy lip may wreath,
And gentle blossoms, pure and bright,
Their dewy fragrance breathe :

Thou canst not tell in after years,
How dark thy fate may be,—
Then spurn thou not the trusting heart,
That warmly beats for thee.

The heart, the heart oh ! crush it not,
'Tis but a fragile thing,
An altered look, a chilling word,
Might break its sweetest string.

When one by one thy treasured hopes,
Like scattered leaves, shall fall,
Then wilt thou mourn, alas ! too late,
What tears can ne'er recall.

A FRAGMENT.

I saw her in the festive hall,
The gayest of the gay,
Amid a lovely group she stood,
More beautiful than they.

Her mild blue eyes, serenely bright,
Still haunt my memory yet—
They had a winning tenderness
That I shall ne'er forget.

And there was one, a noble youth,
Who lingered by her side,
And gazed upon her sylph-like form,
With mingled love and pride.

Then forth he led her to the dance,
And whispered in her ear
A trembling thought, a magic word—
She paused, and blushed to hear.

Oh, lightly beat the maiden's heart—
Its joy she could not hide,
As with a half unconscious tread
Her footsteps seemed to glide.

I left that festive scene awhile,
To breathe the balmy air,
And to a rustic bowyer I strayed
Of roses sweet and fair.

And as I gazed in pensive thought
Upon the cloudless sky,
Where stars like sparkling jewels shone,
I thought I heard a sigh.

And then, a manly voice, that spoke
In accents sweet and clear,
Why dost thou weep, my gentle one?
Oh, wherefore art thou here?

Speak, I implore thee! let me share
Thy grief, whate'er it be—
For well thou know'st how soon this heart
Would give its life to thee.

He pressed her pallid lips to his,
She felt the blissful token,
Then raised her streaming eyes and said,
"My bran new hoop is broken."

THOU WERT ANOTHER'S.

Thou wert another's when we met,
I thought 'twould shield me well,
And as thy voice upon my ear
In tender accents fell,

I caught the magic of its tone,
Its pure and gentle flow ;
'Twas sweet to linger by thy side,
Nor could I bid thee go.

Thou wert another's when we met,
I knew I was not free—
And yet I could not break the chain
That bound my soul to thee.

'Twas wrong to hold thee thus in thrall,
To gaze upon thy smile,
When she whom thou didst call thine own,
Was missing thee the while.

Oh ! chide me not, if still my heart
Clings round thy hallowed name,
I would forget thee, but, alas !
Forgetfulness is vain.

GOOD NIGHT.

TO E. V. A.

Good night—I would that I were near,
To whisper softly in thy ear,
The thoughts that once that little word
Within my throbbing bosom stirred—
When from thine own dear lips it fell,
Like music from some fairy dell,
Or from those starry Isles that sleep
In beauty, on the pearly deep.
Oh! many a hope that years had crushed,
And many a lay by absence hushed,
Awake to life and joy anew,
 When time to memory's golden chain,
With radiant light, and changeless hue,
 Gave back a stolen link again.
Good night!—the echo haunts me yet,
 And when my soul, opprest with sadness,
Would turn in silence, and forget
 Its anguish in a dream of gladness—
That halcyon eve, whose mystic spell
Perchance we both remember well,
Comes o'er me like some distant ray,
The herald of a happier day.

Good night! 'tis murmured soft and low,
As when in silvery accents spoken,
Oh! it hath left, too well I know,
A chain that never can be broken;
For thou hast taught, by one sweet tone,
This heart to twine around thine own;
And, oh! how dark its life would be,
But for the love it bears to thee.
That love with more than earthly power,
Shall keep me ever at thy side,
Though fortune frowns, though tempests lower,
Together will we stem the tide.
Good night! how oft in happier hours,
We've sported with the summer flowers,
And when at dewy twilight's close,
Their balmy breath like incense rose,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
How gently hast thou said, Good Night!
And still confiding, would I rest
This head upon thy faithful breast,
And feel it fondly pillowed there—
That life had scarce one cloud of care;
Good night! and may thy slumbers be,
Pure as the prayer I breathe for thee.

COME BACK TO ME.

THE haunt is desolate where we have strayed,
No more thy once familiar voice I hear,—
The wind that rustles through the trembling shade,
Falls, like a dirge, upon my listening ear ;
The fragrant flowers for me no beauty shed,
The warbling birds no song of gladness swell,
I wake to find each airy vision fled,
In the low breathing of our sad farewell.
Come back to me.

Oh ! I shall miss thee, when at twilight hour,
I touch the harp, whose chords were once so dear,
For, oh ! I feel how soon 'twill lose its power,
To calm my spirit, when thou art not near ;
And when at eve, I join the gathering throng,
Whose social mirth beguiles each anxious care,
How will I pause, amid the joyous song,
For then the thought will come—thou art not there.
Come back to me.

When night's deep silence veils creation's rest,
And golden stars illumine the azure sky—
When my o'er-burdened heart, with grief oppress,
Would lift its earnest, humble thoughts on high,

Oh ! then, for thee, my own, my faithful friend—
For thee, whose sorrows and whose joys were mine,
From this lone bosom shall a prayer ascend,
Pure as the incense from an angel's shrine—
Come back to me.

Come back to me—and bid the happy past
Its waning lustre once again restore—
But if this lingering look must be our last—
If we must part, to meet on earth no more—
Then, be it so—if I but know thee blest,
'Tis all I ask—whate'er my fate may be—
'Twill soothe the anguish of a troubled breast,
If happiness but weave her smiles for thee—
Come back to me.

THERE IS NO VOICE LIKE THINE.

Ah! well do I remember
The hour when first we met,
And by that mossy fountain
My footsteps linger yet ;
For in its low, soft murmur,
There is a mystic tone
That seems almost a whisper—
An echo of thine own.

Beside that little fountain,
There is a sloping hill,
Where stately pines are waving ;
And there, where all was still,
We've watched the length'ning shadow
That marked the day's decline,
And there my heart first told me
There was no voice like thine.

And well do I remember
A tiny flower, that grew
Beneath a drooping willow
Impearled with morning dew ;

'Twas friendship's purest token,
A precious gift from thee,
And now, though pale and withered,
'Tis sacred still to me.

Ah! thus the merry summer
Sped merrily the while;
Each moment made thee dearer—
I lived but in thy smile;
And when that smile would languish,
Beneath a cloud of care,
I clung to thee still closer,
Thy inmost grief to share.

A change has since come o'er me,
A shade is on my brow,
The summer days are over,
And we are parted now.
Yet, part we not forever,
I know thou still art mine,
And death alone shall sever
This trusting heart from thine.

THE CHILD, AND THE CANARY BIRD.

A BEAUTIFUL child with flaxen hair,
Stood watching a bird with plumage fair—
And it gaily sang, in its artless glee,
Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

For the fields are green, and the woods are fair
Beautiful child, with flaxen hair !
List, I am singing a song for thee,
Come hither, come hither, and sing with me.

Bright are the moments, that o'er us fly,
As the rosy tints of the summer sky,—
Thy life from sorrow, like mine is free,
Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

Beautiful bird, cried the lisping child,
And she clapped her hands, as she gaily smiled,
And the bird sang on, in its artless glee,
Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

SMILE ON.

SMILE on, I heed thee not, for in that smile
There lurks a poison, which my soul, alas !
Hath drank too deeply—but the charm is o'er.
Ah ! thou shalt feel I have a spirit still,
Whose fire once kindled, thou canst never quench.
Yet have I loved thee, wildly, madly loved ;
My very life was thine, and oh ! for thee
Its dearest drop I would have freely drained
To spare thy heart one bitter pang of grief.
And when the light of happiness would beam
In those dark eyes, I marked their kindling ray,
And like a timid flower, I turned to thee,
And hung confiding on thy lightest word ;
And in that sweet vision of delight,
I fondly dreamed thy soul's devotion mine.
Mistaken fancy, and misguided hope,
To think that aught of real love could dwell
In anything that bears the name of man !
Smile on, for thou wilt smile upon the wreck
Of crushed affections and of withered hopes,
And think, no doubt, a comfort to thyself,
The work was thine, and then thou'lt smile again.
And now farewell, for I must teach my heart
To loose the chain that binds it to my own,

And sever, one by one, its golden links.
But oh ! 'tis hard, 'tis cruel thus to learn
From lips whose accents we were wont to trust,
The bitter *lesson of forgetfulness.*
Yet, go ! and when, perhaps, in after years,
Thy sky may darken, and thy spirit yearn
For one kind word of tender sympathy—
Come then, oh ! sad one, in that starless hour
Come to the bosom where in other days,
The slightest sorrow ever found a place ;
Come to the heart, that with its latest breath
Will pray for thee, and calmly rest thee there.

I CANNOT FORGET THEE.

I CANNOT forget thee, ah, no! in this heart
For thee is a feeling that will not depart;
'Tis sacred and pure as the delicate flower,
That blossoms alone in yon desolate bower.

I know thou hast knelt at a lovelier shrine,
Thy heart is another's, it cannot be mine—
On my ear the love tones of thy voice linger yet;
I have loved thee in vain, yet I cannot forget.

How eager I've listened thy praises to hear,
And each word to my bosom but made thee more dear:
I have proved thee a friend, and I value thee yet,
Though I love thee in vain; yet, I cannot forget.

I have wept when deep sorrow has mantled thy brow—
Thou hast not deceived, shall I shrink from thee now?
Ah, no! I will love thee, and cherish thee yet,
Though I love thee in vain, I can never forget.

COME HOME.

Come home—

The soft winds call thee from the scented vales,
Filled with the aroma of orient flowers,
Whose tender blossoms, at thy gentle tread
Unfold their silken leaves, and fondly smile,
Then sleep again, like infant innocence.

 Come home—

The soft winds call thee, and thy favorite bird
Thrills its wild songs, and drops its glossy wings,
The dusky shadows gather o'er the hills,
And the lone star of Even, all beautiful,
Looks forth as if to light thee on thy way.

Come home—

Oh, I watched for thee with eager eyes,
Till every moment seemed a dreary hour,
And at the rustling of each trembling leaf,
My heart beats quicker ; yet, thou lingerest still—
What spell hast bound thee? thou who art the light
Of this fair dwelling, wherefore dost thou stay?

Come home—

It is the hour when we are wont to sit
Beneath the orange-grove, whose clustering boughs
Are lightly waving near the rural cot,
Around whose rustic porch the woodbine clings,
And the sweet jessamine and myrtle bloom.

Come home—

It is the hour, when from thy peerless mind,
Rich with the gem of intellectual thought,
Come forth those lofty sentiments that bear
My spirit to the radiant fields of light,
Where finite in the Infinite is lost.

Come home—

Oh, I am sad without thee, thou whose voice
In tenderest accents ever greets my ear,
Like the low murmur of some fairy lute,
Breathing its music on the calm still air,
How art thou woven with my every thought,
How closely twined around my inmost soul,
Till its existence seems of thine a part.

Come home—

The pale moon calls thee with her silvery light,
The streamlet, winding through the silent dell,
Whispers thy name, and chides thy long delay,
The echoes call thee, and affection weeps—
Come home, beloved and cherished one, come home.

LINGER YET, A MOMENT MORE.

WHAT has changed thy soul's devotion,
Why so altered is thy tone ?
Hast thou lost each fond emotion
For a being once thine own ?
Must the parting word be spoken.
And my happy dreams be o'er ?
Shall each sacred link be broken ?
Linger yet, a moment more !

Thou hast wooed, and I believed thee
All a mortal e'er could be ;
Thou hast wounded, wronged, deceived me,
But I will not change to thee.
No, the heart that once was given,
And the trust it meekly bore,
Though the fondest ties be riven,
Both are thine, till life is o'er.

Canst thou leave me thus forsaken,
With distracting cares opprest ?
Can no sigh or tear, awaken
One kind thought within thy breast ?

Oh! by every holier feeling
We have known in days of yore,
To thy soul with love appealing,
Linger yet, a moment more.

I who once had joyed to greet thee,
When thy accents caught my ear,
Come, with faltering steps to meet thee,
Trembling, while thy voice I hear.
Thou hadst said, we part forever,
And my dream of love is o'er—
Yet, 'tis cruel thus to sever,
Linger yet, a moment more.

MARGERIE ;

OR,

THE SYBIL OF THE REVOLUTION.

COME with me, ye who thirst for the music of fancy, as she sings of days and their heroes gone by, to that great epoch in our country's history when the tall oak peopled her wide spreading plains, and the council fires of the red man lit her forest wilds—when her lakes and rivers rolled their restless torrent unmolested to the sea ; when men, goaded to the heart with the servitude they bore, heard from on high the great God of Liberty calling them to strike the blow—to that time when the lion frightened the dove from our shores ; when the bitter wailing of crushed hearts went up to God ; when men felt the yoke of oppression tightening about their necks, and the bloody hand of despotism sealed their lips, and shut their sight, lest they should stray from the chains of the usurper ; when men lived whose souls were but the

beam of heaven's resplendent noonday ; and who could die—yes, calmly, sweetly die, for the cause they loved ! Come with me, reader, to times like these. Though the heroes of the Revolution are gone, their spirit yet lives—lives in the memory of a grateful people, and its influence is felt in every clime where the American eagle flutters to the breeze.

On an eminence not far from Boston, from which the eye could command a view of the surrounding country and adjacent bay, stood a tenement occupied by Lord Westfield. No particular taste was displayed in the arrangement of its furniture, as his business relations made him only a transient guest among the colonies at the eventful period of our story. The members of the family were seated in a room which they were accustomed to consider as the drawing-room, though it bore but little resemblance to the one they had left in England. At a little distance from a party who were engaged in discussing the topics of the day, sat a young girl, over whose fair brow some fifteen summers had passed. Near her sat a fine, graceful figure, in whose features could be distinctly traced, the relation of father and daughter.

"Clara," he said, "these are troublesome times. Were you once safe in our own happy England, my fears for you would be at an end. Dever is a man whose wealth and position make him, in an important sense, worthy of your hand, but he is alike unfitted for these bustling scenes. Both in England, there would be no further obstacle to your happiness."

The features of the young girl brightened, and as if chance had thrown him there, the young man who had won her heart, entered the room.

"Rolin," said Lord Westfield, rising to meet him, "I am glad to see you. What is the state of affairs?"

Without pausing to answer the interrogative, Rolin took the hand of the fair girl, in which she held the half of a broken ring. As he received it, he felt that their union was no longer a matter of doubt, but that it was sanctioned by her father.

"The prospects," he exclaimed, "are decidedly warlike—the affair at Lexington has been noised over the whole country. All attempts to open the port of Boston have failed, and are likely to fail. A growing people like ours cannot long brook their

wrongs, without feeling their injustice, and a spirit of resistance."

"My boy," answered Westfield, "I hope I do not find you sympathising with the rebels and their cause?"

"I do not understand," replied Dever, "the policy of our government in transmitting our offices, closing our ports, denying us the privileges of commerce, and robbing us of those powers and prerogatives indispensable to our national existence."

"My boy," said Westfield, "these sentiments are unworthy of an Englishman; the national existence of which you speak, should always be contingent on the lenity of its parent, and its liberties compatible with its obedience."

"But," said Dever, "has the crown of England ever found more faithful subjects than we? Have we not shared with our own, her perils and vicissitudes in war—drained our coffers to sustain her in the hour of need, and is this our reward?"

"Then you espouse their cause, do you?"

"Cruel injustice and vile usurpation were always abhorrent to me," replied Dever.

Lord Westfield was silent long enough to allow his pride to gain mastery over his rising passions.

"Rolin," he said, "such sentiments will naturally lead to a participation with those who entertain like views and opinions; they must of course alienate you from my house—from your native isle, and its institutions, and the crown of England, its center. Should you infuse these opinions, you will be liable to imprisonment, and treatment consonant with your rebellion." As he uttered the last sentence, Lord Westfield left the room, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"Rolin," said Clara, "will you not go with me to our own dear England?"

"I will," replied Rolin.

"Then let us hasten at once to its green shores," said Clara, "where your talents may be useful in framing a more liberal and enlightened policy, dissuading her from a course inimical to the happiness and prosperity of her colonies."

The affairs of the colonies had reached a culminating point. The people, exasperated beyond the power of endurance, were clamorous for war—a young nation sought to redress their wrongs by an appeal to arms—the efforts which were thought gathering elsewhere, were concentrating at Bunker Hill, and hundreds of auxiliaries and mercenaries

from General Howe, were constantly appearing to convey intelligence of their movements to the English quarters.

The morning at length dawned, and as the sweet minstrel of the wood, cheered by its rose beams, awoke their accustomed melodies, their music was hushed by the booming of the gun.

In the suburbs of Charlestown, on an eminence, from which the belligerents could be distinctly seen, stood a small white cottage, up whose sides the vine had been taught to clamber by Emma, who stood watching the two armies, and communicating their movements to her mother. Edward, her brother, a lad of sixteen, stood by her, watching with intense interest the progress of the fight ; and it was with difficulty he could be dissuaded from grasping an old musket, which hung upon the wall, and which had been used by his father in native warfare, and rushing to the conflict.

"See, see !" said Emma, "they are marching up the hill."

A dense cloud of smoke from the guns hid them a moment from her sight.

"What are they doing now ?" inquired her mother.

"They are almost up the hill," said Emma.

"Who?" inquired her mother.

"The red coats," answered the girl.

The Americans, who had been told to reserve their fire until they could see the white of their enemies' eyes, now received the command, and a simultaneous burst sent them in disorder down the hill.

"They fly, they fly!" said Emma.

"Who?" inquired her mother.

"The red coats, mamma," she answered.

The boy, speechless with excitement, broke through the window, to join the terrible combat without.

At this moment, a wild cry of horror burst upon their ear. Dense clouds of smoke darkened the clear air—the wind rising to a tempest, added to the fury of the flames; and helpless women and children, driven from their homes, sought protection they knew not whither.

Overpowered by the scene, Emma hastened to the bedside of her mother, where she found her overcome with excitement, pale and mute, as though she were dead.

"Mother!—dear mother!" exclaimed the weeping girl, "speak to me once more—only once more."

But there was no time for grief. The Americans, exasperated by this last outrage, fought like men who struggled, not for liberty alone, but for life itself. Lost to the dreadful confusion around her, Emma was aroused to a sense of her perilous condition, by a man who placed his arm around her waist, attempting to pull her from the couch, and commanded her to fly for her life.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, creeping closer to the bosom of her mother; "let me pillow my head and die here."

The man, sensible of the imminent danger in which they found them, dragged her roughly from her resting-place; and, having succeeded in placing the frail form of her mother in a chair, conveyed them both to a place of safety.

In an apartment, where comfort seemed the only consideration, on a bed neatly clad, lay Mrs. Foster, the mother of Emma. Emma, in whose eyes some tears lingered, like the bright drops in the petals of the rose when the shower is past, sat by her.

"My child!" said Mrs. Foster, "the home where we have spent so many happy hours is gone, and I shall not need another here. When I am gone, you will

go to your uncle—he has promised to care for you ; and, oh ! if the spirits of the dead are permitted to return to those whom they have loved and left here, I will come to you, to chide you when you err, and lead you in the path of light, that you may be brought to the home where I am, Emma.”

The girl was about to reply through her tears, but was prevented by the entrance of a lady and gentleman.

“Margerie,” said the girl, “these people are very comfortable here !”

The woman did not answer, but a mysterious twinkle of her eye, told that she was looking for something in the countenance of Dever.

“Have you a son, lady ?” she asked, addressing Mrs. Foster ; without pausing for a reply, she turned to Dever, and remarked : “He was in the fight to-day.”

“There was a boy,” said Dever, “who received a shot in one of his limbs ; he gave his name as Edwin Foster—he will easily recover from his wound.”

A moan—a struggle, and the spirit, soft as the zephyr’s sigh, passed to heaven. Margerie closed the eye that grew bright in death, while the countenance wore a placid smile, which the glorified soul

infused, as it bade farewell to its earthly tenement. Edwin, after the excitement had subsided, heartily regretted the rude manner in which he had left his sister and mother. He was miserable, when her death added to his pain ; but there was a pair of bright eyes beaming upon him, and one sat near him whose sweet voice soothed his disquietude, and a heart that felt and appreciated his every returning want. In this way the night passed ; and in the morning, when Dever assisted him, in taking his breakfast, he ventured to remark, that war was not so pleasant after all.

“ The pain I bear,” answered the boy, “ is nothing to the anguish of my heart. Oh ! if I had not left her,—if I could have heard her last words,” and bursting into tears, he wept passionately.

Dever was moved at the tender susceptibility of the boy. Oh ! it was not strange that he who had been associated with her from his earliest years, and whose feelings had been carefully moulded like her own, should miss her now. The morning after the battle, Lord Westfield sought his daughter, and after discussing awhile about the troublesome times, he said :—

“ For your sake, dear Clara, I am sorry that I

have been disappointed in Dever ; his sentiments have ripened into deed—he has taken part with the rebels.”

“Are you sure of this, papa ?” said Clara.

“I found him in the very act,” replied Westfield.

“But,” ventured Clara, “I see nothing treasonable in the opinions he entertains.—Suppose England were dependent on France or some other country, and suppose she were to oppress her, as he thinks these colonies are oppressed ; would not our shores blaze with the spirit of revolution ?”

“Clara,” said Westfield, stamping his foot vehemently, “am I an Englishman ? are you my daughter ? and dare you aver such sentiments in my presence ! England has not oppressed her colonies, and it is her indulgence that fattens their rebellion. Promise me that you will banish this man, and his mermidons from your mind—I have partly made arrangements for your return to England, on one of his Majesty’s ships, where you will be safe from their contaminating influences—do you promise ?”

Frightened by his manner, Clara said nothing, which her father understood as her consent.

Dever now saw that his zeal in the cause of the revolution must put eternal enmity between him and

Lord Westfield ; yet he determined to secure his daughter at any hazard, and to do it, through the instrumentality of Margerie. He found her as usual, imparting aid and counsel to those who sought her. On looking at his hand, she told him that the bird whose plumage he so much admired, was well nigh trapped ; but it had flown now, and it would require great care to regain it.

Edwin had by this time so far recovered from his wounds, as to be able to hobble about by the aid of a staff. Dever noticed his convalescence, and remarked, as they sat together one morning—"You will be more cautious how you offend your king. Should you again act in the war, it will be as a pardoned aid-de-camp of one of his Majesty's generals."

This had the effect of the keenest taunt ; his face crimsoned with the flush of ire ; his lip curled with bitter scorn, as he replied :

"No, no, if heaven spares my life—if I ever regain the use of my limb, I will join the patriot army, and if necessary, baptize the cause with the best drop of blood that flows in my veins."

"Good boy," replied Dever ; "but your form is too slight for a soldier—you can serve them better.

I have some business," he continued, "that no one but yourself can do. You are aware of a friendly feeling between Lord Westfield and myself. He has of late assumed a hostile attitude towards me, owing to my participation in the cause of rebels. You must go to his house, however, and manage to see his daughter. This you can do, by acting in the capacity of a pedlar. Let your goods lure the servants, and then insist that their mistress should see your precious merchandise. This done, you can contrive, by a dexterous movement, to give her my note, and bring back her response."

Edwin smiled, and acquiesced in the plan. De-ver handed him a box of jewels and trinkets, which he had procured for the occasion, and he prepared to visit the home of Lord Westfield.

Emina, too, had found new friends. Her uncle, Stephen Howland, had no children, and the hearts of the old couple naturally turned to the young girl, as the only thing in which parental love might center and find a reciprocal return. Yet, she never forgot her mother. She mingled with her dreams at night, throwing around her heart chains of light such as angel forms do wear, weaving garlands for her fair brow, of flowers whose fragrance breathed

of heaven, till awakened by the birds, whose warbling told that the dewy morn had come.

Adjoining the farm of Stephen, was one owned by Solomon Brown, a good old Quaker gentleman. The families were wealthy, and had been on intimate terms for a long time. The latter had been so fortunate as to produce an heir to the estate, and when Emma became an inmate of Stephen's family, Solomon was pleased to see his son paying his addresses to her.

Among those who visited farmer Howland, was a Mr. Ealy, a man who had attached himself to the profession of the law, and though it was not lucrative, he managed to gain a knowledge of the neighbors' affairs. But to the better classes, his officiousness rendered him an object of disgust. One day, as they were walking in the garden, his small, black eyes, long, thin, bony features contrasted strangely with the frank, open countenance of farmer Howland.

"Well, Stephen," he said, "that pretty gal from Charlestown is you niece, I guess!"

"Yes," replied the farmer.

"And friend Solomon's son thinks a deal of her, I reckon."

"I don't know," answered the farmer.

"Well, I suppose it's none of my business, but she is a plaguy pretty critter arter all."

"Rather pretty," answered the farmer.

"And if you allow friend Solomon's son to play in your field of clover, unless he can bring the critter to his way of thinking, he'll be sent down the slippery board."

"That they must manage for themselves," answered the farmer.

And here let us leave them, to mingle in the more stirring events of our story.

The next morning, Edwin found his way to the house of Lord Westfield. He succeeded in attracting the attention of the servants, from the windows below, and of Lord Westfield himself, who was seated at a window above. The servants, intimidated by the approach of their master, withdrew, and Edwin, who was a bright boy, saw in the polished manners of the gentleman, the person of Lord Westfield.

"Perhaps," he said, "some of the members of your family would like to buy of me to-day."

Lord Westfield, never supposing he could be duped in this way, conducted him without hesita-

tion to an apartment, and then sent for his daughter, to examine the merchandise. While thus engaged, an officer, dressed in English uniform, with bright epaulets on his shoulders, entered. He was immediately recognized by Lord Westfield, who motioned him to an adjoining room. Thus Clara and the jeweller were left to themselves. Edwin looked cautiously around, to assure himself that they were alone, and then placed Dever's note in the lady's hand. She was startled at first, but convinced by his kind manner, that all was well, she withdrew for a moment, during which Edwin replaced his merchandise. Returning, she handed him another note, while her large blue eyes filled with tears. Edwin saw her mournful expression, and, as he afterwards said, he marked that to have spoken would have broken her heart, so he passed silently from the room.

After the departure of the stranger, who had entered during the visit of the jeweller, Lord Westfield sought his daughter, and communicated to her the completion of his arrangements for her embarkation on his Majesty's ship. Clara felt that to have betrayed any emotion, would have offended her sire, so she remained calm, fearfully calm, as only

intense grief can. The evening for her departure at length came. The stars were up. The breeze blew soft that was to waft her from all she loved, and as she thought of the sleeping waves, she felt how sweet 'twould be to sink into their calm forever. While she thus mused on her coming fate, a woman, shown by a servant, and clad in rich vestments, entered the room. When left to themselves, she said in a low voice—

“Are you alone?”

Clara answered in the affirmative, and setting silently down, the woman eyed her from head to foot, while Clara was struck with the exquisite loveliness of her person. Drawing near her, she said, “Cheer up, my child, I have come to take you to Dever.” Who has not felt a sweet tone penetrating the heart like a sunbeam; the frost of winter loosening its springs, and laving it in a sweet fountain of tears? Thus it was with Clara, as she wept on the bosom of the sybil, and felt that she was in the arms of her mother.

“Mother,” she said, “let me call you mother—they say she died many years ago, but 'tis not true, you are my mother.”

The woman's eyes moistened as she bent them

affectionately upon the girl, but she checked the rising current of her feelings, and replied—

“ I am not your mother—but there is no time for tears, let’s up and away.”

Clara rolled together some pieces of her wardrobe, which had been packed away for the journey, and both descended into the street.

Lord Westfield loved his daughter, but the hour had come when he thought he must part with her, until the colonies should be subjugated, and they should meet again in their own happy England.

When he entered her apartment and found she had gone, now palsied with grief, then frantic with anger, he strode up and down the place, without noticing those who came to counsel and comfort him.

Clara and the sybil reached a place of safety, and Dever and Edwin saw they would be unavoidable objects of suspicion.

The mysterious disappearance of Clara was heralded abroad, and Dever, who was said to be her lover, was implicated in the affair.

Edwin was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful Julia Dever. She was the object of his dreams ; he heard her in every song bird that

winged the summer air ; saw her in every flower that lent its fragrance to the breeze—yet they both felt that the abduction of Clara must separate them for a time.

Clara and Julia had always shared the love and confidence of sisters; and the former had often declared that if she were married first, Julia should be her bridesmaid.

Margerie, before admitting those who sought her aid, sent for Dever. Motioning him to a seat as he entered, she said—

“ Blood-hounds are on your track ; they’ll be here to-night. The eagle hunter hath bent the bow. Jehovah hath anointed his king—he hath crowned him with the star of liberty, and its rising beam, ere long, shall bless the nation—but he shall lay down the sceptre and the crown, yet be exalted to the seat of power.”

Dever, who felt there was a truth in what she said, remarked—

“ You’ll protect the girl when I am gone.”

The woman brushed a tear from her eye, and Dever took his leave.

Margerie contrived to evade the search, by removing Clara from place to place, and by the influence

she held over the bailiffs and other subordinate officers of the law.


Lord Westfield, who, during the years of the revolution covered by the lapse of our story, was content to be a passive observer of the war, now took the field in person, and aided in furnishing supplies to portions of the English army stationed in the neighboring states. To this intent he made long journeys in the country, acquainting himself with bands of marauders who took no part in the struggle, except to add to its terror by plundering and desolating the peaceful home of the quiet villagers.

Dever, who to avoid detection, was obliged to leave the city, found a home with a good Quaker, who lost no time in telling him how wrong it was for men to fight and kill one another.

One evening, while the two farmers were seated together, a bright fire blazing on the hearth, and in the pleasures of the social circle, forgot that war was raging around, Edwin entered, and in a hurried tone called for Dever.

Dever was startled by his manner, but had courage and sagacity enough to conceal it.

"The dogs have tracked you, at last," he said.
"They will be here to search for Clara in two min-



utes. They will pillage the house and appropriate its effects to their own use. Prepare to defend it."

The Quaker, to whom Dever communicated this intelligence, thought it hard that his house should be broken up. Dever was moved by different feelings. He knew that it was on his account they came, and he determined to shed the last drop of blood in defence of the place. Summoning the male members of the family, who were but little acquainted with the use of fire-arms, but who promised to act under his direction, the windows were barred, and the doors secured. Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when the tramp of men and sound of voices were heard. There was a moment's pause, and then a huge rock was hurled furiously against the door, which threatened to demolish it. This was followed by a voice demanding, in the name of King George, to let them in, for they were his Majesty's subjects, and were in search of a person who had been stolen from her home. But for Dever the honest Quaker would have admitted them. As it was, he said—

"I have no one within but my own family, and thee must stay out."

"But we will come in," answered the voice. "In resisting us you disobey the king—do it at your peril!"

"Go tell thy king," replied Solomon, "that honest Quakers never serve or fight until compelled to."

This was answered by the rock, which was again thrown with great violence, and the door threatened to give way.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I have done thee no wrong, and if there is bloodshed here, be it on thy own head."

Once more was the rock hurled impetuously, and the door fell. A wild yell of triumph, mingled with the shriek of affrighted women, and the combatants met hand to hand. The first shots were exchanged, the first volley spent, men threw away their guns, and as the wretch felt the keen edge of the bowie knife into his vitals, he crept away to die, leaving a bloody trail as he went. Lord Westfield, who caught a glimpse of Dever as he was defending the door, deliberately fired, and missing his aim, drew his sword, and rushed upon him with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Westfield," said Dever, "I have loved you like a father—why is this?"

Westfield heard him not, but made a fearful thrust, which the other was obliged to ward off. At this moment, Dever received a heavy blow on the wrist, which knocked the sword from his hand. Westfield was about to take advantage of this, when Edwin, seeing the imminent danger of his friend, fired. Westfield received the ball in his left side—he reeled and fell. Dever, seeing that he was dying, said—

"I meant not to do this"—and he stood moved to tears. Nor did the Quaker, whose house had been made the scene of blood, forget the offices of mercy in this hour. Raising his head to give him a little water, for which he asked, the eyes of the dying man wandered to the face of the stranger, and he said, "friend, I have wronged you."

"Thou hast," replied the Quaker, "but I forgive thee now, and may God forgive thee to."

As he sunk back, Dever caught some incoherent things about his daughter, and kneeling by him, said—

"Your daughter is safe with the woman Margerie, known to you as the Sybil."

"Poor Clara," replied Westfield, "I thought to have had her near me in my dying hour. Her mother's name was Isabel ; she left me several years since. If she lives, tell her death found me true to her as then."

Clara, during her seclusion, amused herself with books and diaries, which Margerie had no inclination to withhold, but seemed pleased at her perusal of them. One day while reading, she found a manuscript in which she saw the name of Isabel. It was written in curt sentences, and concluded by saying that she had left her daughter, Clara Westfield, in infancy, in consequence of her amorous feelings for a young English officer, with whom she fled to this country. On being left by him, she assumed the name of Margerie, as the one best suited to her profession. While thus engaged, Margerie and Dever entered, announcing the death of Lord Westfield. The former acknowledged the manuscript, and in so doing, lavished upon her daughter caresses mingled with her tears. The war terminated, and electrified the world with its happy results. Dever declared Edwin justly entitled to the hand of his fair sister. Ephraim Brown was content to go down the slippery board for the

beautiful niece of Stephen Howland. Margerie lived to repent the follies of her youth. Ealy continued to grow in favor with his clients, and the families, strengthened by their union, lived long to enjoy the peace won by the heroes of the Revolution.

THE GLAD SPRING TIME.

BRING back, bring back, the glad spring time,
With its buds and blossoms gay—
The robin's note, and the lark's loud chime
That welcomed the new-born day.
Bring back, bring back, the summer hours,
When the fields were green and fair,
And the butterfly danced in the leafy bowers,
And the stream went murmuring there,
And my heart was blithe, as the tuneful bird
For it knew not a cloud of care.

But the scenes I love, from my gaze have fled
And my heart is lone and drear,
For the flowers I nursed are pale and dead,
And the wintry winds I hear.
Bring back, bring back, the summer hours,
With their clouds of golden hue—
The whispering gales and gentle showers,
And skies so calmly blue,
And the dreamy twilight soft and still
With its pearly drops of dew.

Bring back, bring back, the joyous throng
That clustered round my youth—
The merry laugh, the joyous song,
And the smile of artless truth—
The dear old home, I remember well
Where in childhood once we played,
And the willow, that stood on the sloping hill;
And there, when the day would fade,
Sat us down, in our guiltless mirth,
And sang 'neath its drooping shade.

How vividly still, can my fancy trace
Each form as I saw it then!
The tender kiss, and the fond embrace
That I never may feel again—
The willow has gone, and a stately dome,
Near the hallowed spot is reared,
It hath taken the place of an early home,
By a thousand ties endeared,
The willow has gone like the buoyant hopes
That our youthful bosoms cheered.

The glad spring time, with its blossoms gay—
The birds with their plumage bright,
Will call the earth to a gladsome day,
From a cold and wintry night:

And the summer will come, with its rosy hours,
And clouds of golden hue,
Its whispering gales, and gentle showers,
And skies serenely blue,
But they cannot recall the loved ones gone—
The heart so warm and true.

There are some I shall meet on earth no more,
They are sleeping their last long sleep,—
But, oh! may we meet on that blissful shore,
Where the weary forget to weep.
Bring back, bring back the summer hours,
With the smiles they used to wear,
When the butterfly danced in the leafy bowers
And the stream went murmuring there,
And my heart was blithe, as the tuneful bird,
For it knew not a cloud of care.

TO MRS. J. A. MORRIS.

Dost thou sigh for the roses that circled thy way,
In the morning of youth, when thy spirit was free?
Dost thou miss the glad sunshine, whose delicate ray
Immirrored the fountain that sparkled for thee?
They have left thee awhile, but they live for thee yet,
Thou art not forgotten ! beloved Antoinette.

Dost thou long for the love of a mother to share,
A sorrow too deep for thy spirit to bear?
Dost thou miss the kind look of a father so dear?
They have gone to a brighter, a happier sphere—
They blessed thee at parting, they watch o'er thee yet,
Thou art not forgotten ! beloved Antoinette.

Nay, think not the voice of affection is mute,
Or broken the strings of its soul-speaking lute—
That the friends of thy childhood forever are fled,
And the hopes thou hast cherished are withered and dead—
Ah, no ! there are hearts that will cling to thee yet,
Thou art not forgotten ! beloved Antoinette.

THE ONLY SON.

TO J. E. W.

THINE *only son* ! how doth thy yearning heart,
Cling round the idol of its dearest hopes,
'Till its affections warmly centered there—
Thine only son—oh ! thou hast fondly watched
His infant years with all a father's pride,
And when reposing on his mother's breast,
His rosy lips were parted, and a smile
Would o'er his tiny features softly play,
As if an angel whispered in his dreams,
How thrilled thy bosom with extatic joy.
Thine only son ! now in the bloom of youth
He stands before thee, and his sparkling eye,
Beams with the sunshine that illumines the soul,
When pleasure fills her cup, and golden dreams
Of the bright future weave their magic spell—
Thine only son—a treasure lent by heaven—
The stay perhaps of thy declining years.
God grant that with a love as pure as thine
His hand may gently guide thee, when thy step
Is faint and feeble, and the frost of age
Hath left its traces on thy noble brow.

TO MRS. JANE FARRINGTON.

There is a smile that like a ray,
Just falling from the eye of day,
Steals o'er the heart oppressed with care,
And leaves a hallowed lustre there.

There is a tear from Eden's bowers,
That dropped o'er friendship's drooping flowers,
Can to each withered leaf restore
The lovely tints that once it bore.

There is a soft and gentle sigh,
Whose balmy fragrance cannot die—
A chain that never can be riven,
Whose sacred links, were formed in Heaven :

That chain shall bind my soul to thine,
Close as the ivy to the vine,—
And still that radiant smile serene,
Shall light thee with its rosy beam.

That tear shall soothe thy aching breast,
And hush its rising grief to rest :
Fain would I shield thy gentle form,
From every cloud, from every storm.

Yet, should thy way be lone and drear,—
If then I may not linger near,
Oh! think, though I afar may be,
One faithful bosom beats for thee.

OH! HAD WE MET.

Oh! had I met thee in thy youth,
Before thy locks were gray,
When hope her fairest garlands wove
And all was blithe and gay.
I might have told thee what my heart
Must now in silence feel,
For e'en affection's lightest word,
'Twere madness to reveal.

Oh! had I met thee, ere the chain
Of love was round thee cast—
I might have shunn'd the clouds that dim
The memory of the past.
Yet will I trust thy friendship still,
In sunshine and in tears—
To smooth the rugged path of life,
And glad my future years.

"TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

It was the close of day, the tender flowers
Had caught its parting sigh, its last farewell ;
And as a dew-drop, like an orient pearl,
Fell on their silken leaves and lingered there,
The soft wind kissed them, and they gently slept
In dreamy silence, on the lap of Earth.
The scene was passing lovely—far away
In the clear depths of the ethereal Heaven,
Rich golden clouds fringed with a crimsoned light,
In wild fantastic beauty strangely wove
A thousand shapeless forms, that passed away—
Dim shadows gathered o'er the vine-clad hills,
And now the twilight faded into even.
How still was nature ! and the deep blue waves
Of Galilee rolled on and murmured low,
As if no angry storm could ever wake
Those peaceful waters from their calm repose.
It was the close of day, but with the light
Of that fair morning came a little band,
The followers of the meek and lowly One,
And stood beside the Sea of Galilee.
Jesus was with them, and his moistened eye
Turned with compassion to the gathering throng,
And as they sat upon the verdant lawn
He taught them lessons of celestial truth,

'Till in the purple West the sun went down,
And then he kindly bade them go in peace.
The multitudes had gone, cheered by the words
Of that pure love that fell from lips divine—
With lighter steps, and hearts with gladness filled,
They sought their homes, and many a fervent prayer
Of humble penitence went up to Heaven,
From lips that only then had learned to pray.
The scene was changed. Upon the brow of night
Hung dark portentous clouds; the storm-bird shrieked,
And with affrighted wing it beat the air.
Loud wailed the tempest; ever and anon
With awful glare, the vivid lightning flashed,
And peal on peal of thunder rent the sky.
A lonely bark was on the boisterous sea,
Tossed by the billows, whose tumultuous swell
Like mountains rose, and they who long had toiled
And struggled hard, to stem the boiling tide,
Grew faint and weary—He, who by a word
Could in a moment still the raging waves
And hush the warring elements to peace,
Had sought the desert's solitary wild,
Where He at midnight hour was wont to pray.
But lo! a form is walking on the deep,
With God-like tread it nears the shattered bark,
And while in wonder the disciples gaze,
Lo! Jesus speaks—" 'tis I, be not afraid."
Oh! when the heart is breaking—when it drinks
The bitter cup of agonizing grief,

And marks a withering blight on all it loves—
When tempests lash the frail and trembling bark
That bears it on o'er life's tempestous sea,
How sweet to know, 'tis God who rules the storm—
To see him near, by faith's celestial eye—
To hear the murmur of that voice divine,
That gently whispers to the stricken one,
And says, look up, "'tis I, be not afraid."

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

ALL hail ! ye noble guardsmen true,
Whose giant arms are strong to save,—
On, on, your glorious work pursue,
And win the trophies of the brave.
All hail ! ye noble guardsmen true,
Protectors of our city's peace,—
Each eye, confiding, turns to you,
The Metropolitan Police.

The cause of justice, truth and right,
Your courage, and your zeal demand,—
Oh ! then, like gallant heroes fight,
And to your post unshrinking stand.
Though wide the field, and fierce the foe,
Soon will the bitter conflict cease,
And vice lie crushed beneath your blow,
The Metropolitan Police.

Think how the fathers of our land,
At freedom's call to battle flew—
Think how, with bold and daring hand,
The glittering sword they proudly drew :

'Tis duty's voice that calls you now,
Nor will her pleading accents cease,
Till vice shall to your sceptre bow—
The Metropolitan Police.

When waking from a midnight dream,
I watch the moonlight soft and clear,
When glittering stars around her beam,
The roundsmen's welcome beat I hear;
And as I catch the quick reply,
How doth it lull my soul to peace,
To know your guardian care is nigh—
The Metropolitan Police.

All hail! ye noble guardsmen true,
Whose giant arms are strong to save,
Oh! on, your glorious work pursue,
And win the trophies of the brave.
Bright laurels o'er your path we fling,
Laved in the sparkling fount of peace,
And distant climes your fame shall sing—
The Metropolitan Police.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

IMMORTAL Love! oh, theme of heavenly birth,
How shall I dare to speak thy matchless worth;
Source of unending life, celestial dove,
Fountain of wisdom, who thyself art love—
Thee I invoke, who only canst inspire
My languid soul, and touch my trembling lyre.
Immortal Love! who can thy depths explore,
Vast as eternity's unbounded shore—
Thou art the spark that lights the eternal flame,
On heaven's high altars—thou the sacred name
That fills those realms no mortal e'er hath trod—
Thou the pulsation of the heart of God,
Which to the church, his body here below,
Doth now through Christ, the great aorta, flow.
Immortal Love! how gentle, and how mild,
Appear thy working in a lisping child—
Confiding, trusting, innocent and kind,
Thou art the first great impulse of his mind;
His simplest act displays thy wondrous power,
Thou art in every leaf, and every flower—
Each object by his little hand caress'd,
No thought of harm disturbs his infant breast;
Thou art a breath from that untainted clime,
Where the redeemed their ceaseless anthems chime.

■

The noblest of the Christian virtues show
The crown of grace that decks the Christian's brow ;
God's law to man, in thee we comprehend
Thou its beginning art, and thou its end—
Jehovah's mighty arm, that dost enfold
A universe, with tenderness untold.
Immortal Love! oh, theme of heavenly birth,
No mortal tongue can speak thy matchless worth,
Such lofty strains to heavenly choirs belong,
They, only they, can swell the enraptured song.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND MAY.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

THEY are lovely—passing lovely,
Wet with morning's early dew,
And their velvet leaves are blushing
In the sunlight's golden hue ;
Pure and guileless, as thy spirit,
Young and innocent are they,
To the playful zephyr smiling,
Like thine own—my gentle May

They are lovely—passing lovely,
Nature's children, bright and fair ;
And her hand has kindly nursed them
With a mother's fondest care :
Emblems of our happy childhood,
When the heart is light and gay—
Now in artless tones they whisper,
Like thine own—my gentle May.

On the lap of earth reclining,
Thou did'st wake them from their sleep,—
How I wish thy precious garland
Could for aye its beauty keep—
But, alas ! these tender blossoms,
Soon, too soon, will fade away,
But their fragrance still will linger,
Like thy smile—my gentle May.

TO MR. WALTON G. MILLEDOLLEN,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Lo ! on a beam of rosy light,
Where silvery fountains play,
A smile that angel eyes had blest,
Came lightly on thy brow to rest,
And gild thy bridal day.

'Tis done, the holy word is breathed,
And now thy gentle bride
Madora, like a lily fair,
With sparkling gems, and garlands rare,
Stands blushing by thy side.

The bird has left her parent's nest,
Her charms are all thine own—
For thee she folds her timid wing,
For thee her gladsome voice will sing
Affection's sweetest tone.

Joy to you both—may fleeting time
Unclouded glide away,
And may that smile by angels blest,
Still on thy brow as lightly rest,
As on thy bridal day.

TO MRS. P. D. W.

ON SEEING HER PICTURE.

How beautiful the features
I in this picture trace—
They tell me 'tis the image
Of thy cheerful, placid face.

How like the quiet waters
Of some transparent stream,
On which the sunlight lingers
With mild and tranquil beam.

Thine eyes, with melting kindness
And winning lustre shine,
I love, oh ! how I love to gaze
Upon a face like thine.

And though I ne'er should meet thee,
Still, with unchanging light,
Will memory to thy picture turn,
When years have winged their flight.

TO J. H. C.

ALL hail ! to brave old England,
Thy father-land so dear,
Where noble hearts are beating,
And strains of happy cheer,
From cottage and from palace,
From valley, hill and glade,
Beguile the long, long twilight,
When its dreamy shadows fade.

All hail ! to brave old England,
Thy father-land so dear,
Columbia's daughter greets thee now
And bids thee welcome here—
And with a chaplet on her brow,
Of freedom's peerless flowers,
She sings her rural songs for thee,
Amid her native bowers.

All hail ! to brave old England,
Thy happy childhood's home,
Where, in her pensive musings,
Thy Fancy loves to roam.
Thine aged sire, with tearful eye,
Still humbly prays for thee—
Oh ! let the precepts he has taught,
Thy heart's best treasures be.

TO MR. PERLEY D. WHITMORE,

ON RECEIVING A PIECE OF THE CHARTER OAK.

Lo! from her towering heights the muse descends,
And o'er my gentle harp she lightly bends;
Now let its chords their sweetest numbers swell,
For thoughts like mine their music best can tell.
Thanks, noble friend! a relic of the past
For which I long have wished, is mine at last.
Nay, wonder not, if in her mild delight,
My eager fancy wings her airy flight
To that old tree, the monarch of the wood,
That in its strength two thousand years hath stood—
The Charter Oak, beneath whose ample shade
The red man's happy child with nature played,
Weaving its infant buds and blossoms fair,
In simple garlands for her waving hair;
Then taught the eaglet from its nest to fly,
And marked its course along the deep blue sky.
The Charter Oak! proud monument of fame,
How dear to memory is its hallowed name,
While freedom's lovely goddess, from her throne
Looks calmly down, and claims it for her own!
When Andross, in his garb of pomp arrayed,
To Hartford's sons with regal power, conveyed
Great Britain's mandate, cruel and severe,
To rob them of the rights they held so dear.

Immortal Wadsworth ! 'twas thy bold design
That lit the torch whose beams so brightly shine—
Thy daring hand that burst the oppressor's yoke,
And hid the Charter in the brave old Oak.
And still the glory of our favored land,
That stately tree doth like a giant stand,
Though darkly o'er it swept a fearful storm,
And to the ground was hurled its aged form—
Yet other branches from its center grew,
Fanned by the breeze, and moistened by the dew—
The tuneful robin folds her timid wings,
And there at early morn she gaily sings.
Thanks, noble friend ! yet words can ne'er reveal
The thoughts that o'er my raptured spirit steal,
This relic of the Charter Oak, shall be
Sacred to freedom, friendship, and to thee.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

A CASKET is broken, a jewel has fled,
The mighty is fallen, the peerless is dead,—
And the hearts of a nation are bleeding once more,
For the eagle lies low on our desolate shore.

Oh, WEBSTER! the arrow has pierced thee at last,
Thy sun has declined, and its glory has passed;
But the beam that to us it so recently gave,
Shall hallow thy memory, and brighten thy grave.

Thou hast finished thy course, and hast left us to tread
The path where so nobly thy footsteps have led,—
With laurels of honor we circle thy name,
That unsullied shall live in the annals of fame.

Thou hast finished thy course—can we cease to deplore
That soul-stirring voice that must greet us no more!
With wonder and pride on its accents we hung,
As their deep-gushing tones through the Capital rung.

Oh, statesman beloved! thou wert faithful and true
To the country whose tears will thy ashes bedew,—
Rest, rest where affection her tribute shall pay—
How soon hast thou followed the patriot CLAY!

Ye labored unceasing our rights to sustain,
In you we have lost what we cannot regain ;
Though tempests assailed, and the waters were dark,
'Twas the spirit of wisdom that guided your bark.

Farewell ! we must speak it, though bitter the word,
O'er the wide rolling billows its tones shall be heard,—
We dare not repine, yet our bosom must swell
With feelings too painful for language to tell.

Though the dark weeds of mourning our country may wear,
But faintly they picture a nation's despair—
Yet rest where affection shall tenderly say,
Peace, peace to the relics of WEBSTER and CLAY.

TO DR. G. McALLISTER

Oh ! like the wave, that on the lakelet's breast
In quiet murmurs, gently sinks to rest,
Lull'd by the winds that breathe their pensive lay,
When nature shuts the golden eye of day,
So may thy life as calm and peaceful glide,
Without a ripple on its silvery tide.

Oft have I marked yon sky of ether blue,
Bathed in the light of morning's ruddy hue,
And as I gazed upon its bosom fair,
A thousand blushing tints was smiling there—
Oh ! I could wish thy life might ever be
Bright as that sky, from every sorrow free.

And yet, unknown, the future unrevealed,
How many a cloud, perhaps, may lie concealed
In its deep vaults—and should those clouds be thin,
Oh ! look above thee, to that Star divine,
Whose beams, eternal, shed a holy light
Amid the wildest storm, and darkest night.

TO COLONEL J. L. G.

No victor's laurel wreathes thy brow,
No trophies won by fame ;
Yet canst thou boast a gem more fair,
A pearl thou might be proud to wear—
A pure, unsullied name.

Truth weaves her chaplet round thy heart,
There pity's fountain flows ;
Thy mild, benignant eyes, reveal
How deeply, keenly thou dost feel
For others' wrongs and woes.

Friend of the friendless, and the guide
Of those who seek thine aid,
Thou hast a tear for those who weep,
And thou a rich reward shall reap,
Thy trust on God is staid.

For thee the widow's grateful thanks,
The orphan's prayer shall rise,
Borne with the rosy light of day,
On starry pinions far away,
Like incense to the skies.

No victor's laurel wreathes thy brow,
Nor trophies won by fame,
Yet, canst thou boast a gem more fair,
A pearl thou shouldst be proud to wear—
A pure, unsullied name.

ON A DEAD CHILD.

No sorrow laid its heavy hand on thee,
But early fled thy life's translucent ray;
And gone 's that ringing laugh—that merry glee
That chased from home the heavy clouds away!

Chill—thou art chill!—this hand upon thy brow
Partakes its coldness—once how bright and gay!
Pale as the spotless shroud that wraps thee now,
Thy brows are twined with lily and with bay.

Boy though thou art—around thee breathes a spell
That mocks the things that multitudes obey;
Call ye the cynnic in to mark it well—
Tell ye the monarch from his state delay,

And doff the trappings of illustrious Power—
The empty pageantry of state array,
To feel the influence of a sacred hour—
To feel their pride a mockery to-day!

The Parian marble breathes with life, they say,
Canova's genius yields Promethean fire;
Praxitilleian arts their charm display,
To melt with pity or provoke to ire:

But gazing here, what wonders strike the eye!
Wert thou but marble to remain for aye!
A few brief hours that stone shall o'er thee lie—
A few brief days and all these traits decay!

How serious! how profound!—there seems a scorn
Upon those lips that bids the heart give way;
Draw closer yet and mark—the nobly-born
Held up as those the sceptre soon may sway.

Lack they a something traced upon this mien!
There reigns a worship that our joys allay;
That bids meek pity all her frailties screen,
And wake of fear the old peculiar away.

To meet a tacit lore (and who can speak
As God-Head speaks in symbols) who'll essay?
O! where the father's—mother's heart will break,
The sister's tears the brother's love repay;—

Those gems that from the fringed eye-lids fall—
Like drops of star-light from their heaven they play,
There breaks a parent's groan from yonder hall!
Poor sobbing *child*! where would thy footsteps stray .

Come, range the upland to the cooling breeze—
Fair vernal flower, as gentle as the May !
Weep on—heaven claims its own, my child ; and the
Down-raining tears the best of souls betray.

And grieve, ye parents, round the pillows close,
Sweet as the aromatic Indian hay ;
The sighing breeze a doleful requiem blows—
The mother's griefs the breaking heart portray.

The horse, unconscious of the pain, appears
All proud before the hearse, as well he may ;
More mete amongst the forestry of spears
That flaming eye—that all-awaking neigh !

Impatient brute ! the thunder of thy hoof
Awakes the echoes o'er yon barrier grey ;
Thou fain wouldst keep all tenderness aloof
To dash 'mongst armor where the clarions bray.

And thou, poor dog ! forsaken as thou art,
Thou feel'st deserted in thy *age*, and they
Who deem thee void of reason and of heart,
Know not the emotions roused within thee, Tray.

And thy young lord who loved thee sleeps profound—
Not in the surges' wild tumultuous fray ;
He sleeps in his *home's* precincts, and the mound
Bears o'er its mossy turf the name of JAY.

The soul uplifted from the reach of time—
The solemn spell that marks an angel's stay
To bliss supernal and the flight sublime
To breathe in song these lyric lines essay.

Fair boy ! young conqueror !—conquest is THE WORD ;
The Arch Fiend flies in terror and dismay
When dies the youth to meet his loving Lord,
Crowned with the wreaths of immortality !

Wind on, sweet river—murmur softly by—
His early grave is on thy banks, fair Tay !
Wear on your breast the azure of the sky
While Mavis hails thee from the sylvan spray.

THE DOOMED SKATER.

WE had cast our lot, my twin-brother and myself, in the roughest township of Upper Canada. Twenty years are in their graves since then—twenty years, rung out and rung in by the clash of the woodman's axe—and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log-huts, nightly drenched, as with a death-sweat, from the malaria of the swamp. But we came, young, impressionable, from the Old Country, on a venturous quest after fortune in the bush, and the dishevelled wilderness of thicket had charms for us.

A river reft the huge tangle of the woods with its dark sluggish waters, which crept and oozed in among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the dark fen, fetid with myriad impurities. Such

was the aspect of the melancholy Scugog. Our village was by no means a large one. The scattered huts which make it up had been knocked together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers, on a solitary bluff which repelled the river from its base, and gave to fearless settlers some ground of 'vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much cleared ground—nay, very little; everywhere we were hemmed in by battalion after battalion of monotonous trees. Not all the pioneer chivalry of the world could cut an open way through their ranks. Like brave hearts on a battle field, when one serried line fell, lo! another had risen in their place. As for our fellow-settlers, we found them of a piece with the country—rough and hardy, as they had need to be who, twenty years ago, colonized the Scugog.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow; I acknowledged his supremacy, and rejoiced in his bold, free spirit. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor, Jack fought one-half his acquaintances into loving him, which the rest did of their free will; and my

heart still warms involuntarily towards the wild, impulsive boy, with his headstrong will all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country ; fresh from the sunny land of Kent, and the loved circle at home, how could it be otherwise ? But as for Jack, he was in rapture with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the bluff, and no river could equal the brown, bankless, melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of a settler at once ; we determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog, if, indeed, there was any of that ambrosial draught to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river ; and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day, we fished and shot from our frail skiffs ; and, by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scugog ; among them were some half-breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had

sunk from the dignity of forest life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficient. We found them useful in giving instruction in canoe-life of our river-home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries, he hired a hang-dog looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe. I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked the half-breed. All these dregs of Indian nobility are sallow, blear-eyed creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course, Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new servitor; he was a match for half-a-dozen, twenty fellows like Olier, he said; and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about *him*.

It was getting late in the fall; the Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had restored to us, in evanescent beauty, the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy

with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home-landscapes in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A canoe shot round the bend of the river below the village ; it was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier ; but now no half-breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle, and marched up to me.

“How now, Jack ? what have you done with your charming companion ?” I enquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

“Gad ! I don’t know,” replied my brother, sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.

“Not know ?”

“Not a bit,” was his answer. “How should I be acquainted with all the ins and outs of that Rosamond’s Bower.” Here he indicated as much forest with his arm as would have made a few thousands of the Bower in question.

“Oh, I perceive ; he’s gone tracking deer, or

something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned ; I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you ; I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier—you were. He's a good-for-nothing fellow, and quite coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me, when I wanted to go down the river a bit further than usual."

— "And you ?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not, I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle, and set him ashore."

"Good heavens !" I exclaimed with horror, "don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forgive or forget a blow ?"

"Pooh !" said he, getting up quite merrily, and marching homewards, saying over his shoulder :—"Oh, you don't bother yourself ! Olier will be down on his marrow bones to-morrow—see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

To-morrow came, unfruitful with the half-breed's

submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously, and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scugog whitens into rapids, and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and, at my urgent request, I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return on the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in a large flat-bottomed boat, termed, in Canadian parlance, a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying, that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe; and, as we were already crowded

for room, we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over twenty miles' sail remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and, save the wild game, no one ever tried to force a way through their close-knit ranks, woofed at the base by a tangle of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled us a single song; all was still save the lugubrious woodpecker, which pearched on a rotten tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak—tap, tap, tap!—a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupenduous falls in their lonely majesty, and we were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree-horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the

long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap, of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence, echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin-maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay *refrains* of sunny France. I asked them for a stave; but said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill-omen, and rang to the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well; it was a favorite *voyageur's* ditty, sung to the dash of oar, and began—

“ Mon joly canot blanc,
Ramez, ramez, ramez.”

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap, of my ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a *canoe*, which was floating down the river a few yards

ahead of us. They thought it was a break-loose, and stood by to strike a boat-hook into it, with a prospect of a reward from the owner, up at the village. It soon dropped down to us, and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow ; and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter, another cried out at the awful tale of blood : “ Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Olier, as sure’s there’s death in a rifle-ball ! ”

It was an awful end ! My poor brother lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart’s blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier ! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother’s blood rested on thy head. I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance ? nay, even scant justice. I sought what had been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was in vain, in those early times of a judicial system in Canada, to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice ; the criminal executive might be willing, but their

arm was weak. Retribution, in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend but for small aid on the settlers. Some of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech ; but others, again, imputed little crime to the blood-stained redskin, and even went so far as to justify his sneaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough, he would suppose I could not long remain in a place where such hateful memories clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thicket ; but to the end, I knew no cover under heaven would preserve him unharmed from my wrath.

Winter set in hard, white and cold. The river Scugog was a level road of ice ; the trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice-bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign, than I heard whisperings that the villain half-breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement.

It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village ; and, also, that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers, by night, to visit his friends, and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam, or, at all events, to surprise him ; his wood-craft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being, when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul ; and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half-breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

I have said that the river, below our settlement, was bordered by an impenetrable forest, without symptom of clearing or the abode of man. The drifted snow lying in deep masses on each side of the river, up even to the tops of the trees, rendered this impenetrability still more appalling and stubborn. The forest which lined the ice-bound Scugog supported a solid wall of frozen snow. For twenty miles the river, with its wooded banks, was nothing more or less than a funnel of ice and snow.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff,

awaiting the murderer ; I was armed with pistols, and wore skates. Skating was an amusement in which I had excelled when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the last importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night : the white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon, which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villian as he skated by me, within fifty yards, but I would not risk the chance, and, besides, my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding place than, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier swerved a moment, to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race of life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned Scugog. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I

found with a savage glee that I was a match for the swift-footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for, now and again he would skate close to the woods, looking in vain for an aperture. But no ; there was but one outlet from this walled-in river ; and that was *over the falls !*

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening ? or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind ? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively, and throw his arms in the air ; but he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a yell of despair, which echoed, weird-like up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier ; it was the dull thunder of the falls ! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me, and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope ! the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him.

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned, and stood at bay. He was not armed; I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without abating my pace I skated down upon him, holding a levelled pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him, the coward faltered, and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract; high into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted

in rainbow-tinted beauty. I could see, directly in front, the jagged line of the ice, where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract; and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugag, as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half-breed turned his face towards me, as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps; never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage that is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood, and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies; but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol-shot, and as I turned up the dreary wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.

THE MOTHER'S TROUBLES.

A DEAR sister who has been the mother of a dozen children, and has most of them still under her own roof, thinks it may please the children to insert the following, and comfort those who have to bear the ten thousand cares and troubles which the thoughtless little creatures cast upon the mother's heart.

Oh, mother, get my bonnet, do,
I want to go and play;
And hurry, mother, tie my shoe,
Or sis will run away.

Oh, mother, do untie this string,
It's in a hateful knot;
And tell me where I put my sling;
I really have forgot.

Mother, see here, my dress is loose,
I wish you'd hook it up;
Oh, dear, I want a drink so bad,
Ma, take me down the cup.

I've cut my finger, mother, oh !
Do tie a rag upon it ;
And, mother, here, do sew this string
Again upon my bonnet.

And, mother, sew this button on
My pants ; see how they look ;
And, mother, won't you stitch these leaves
Into my spelling book ?

Oh, mother, pick these stitches up,
I've dropped a half a score ;
And see ! there's one all raveled down
A dozen rounds or more.

Mother, where is my jumping rope ?
Mother, where is my hat ?
Mother, come help me build my house ;
Mother, John plagues my cat.

Thus hour by hour, and day by day,
These little things intrude,
Till many a mother's anxious heart,
Is weary and subdued—

And to her ever troubled ear,
The sacred name of mother,
By being ever dwelt upon,
Sounds worse than any other.

But let each mother pause and think
How much she has at stake ;
How many thousand, tiny drops
It takes to fill a lake.

Remembering that her noisy boy
A statesman bold may be,
And strong in truth and right, may teach
A nation to be free.

With glowing words of eloquence,
Maintain Jehovah's plan,
Till vice shall hide its head for shame,
And nations bless the man.

Or, when her head is growing gray,
That daughter kind and true,
With feeling heart and ready hand,
The "little things" will do.

Let these reflections nerve and cheer
Each weary, fainting one,
With patient hope, to do her work,
Till all her work is done.

For not on earth can there be found
Through all life's varied plan,
A nobler, greater work than her's
Who rears an honest man.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

LET it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountain of sympathy and happiness from its depths, no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers ; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your path may lead you amid trials which for a time seem entirely to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty ; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room ; the soft couch for the straw pallet ; the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor.—Summer friends may forsake you, and the unpitying world pass you with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on to earn a livelihood ; you may encounter fraud and base avarice, which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness.

The noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken suddenly from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sad trials and sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence because your confidence has been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love only a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations and baffled in your pursuit. Do not think that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged with

thorns, or repine sinfully when He calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial ; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary—when your steps falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale—still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

MORNING.

MORN again with golden pencil
Tints the curtains of the east,
And again in robe of tinsel
Standeth at her holy chancel,
Making ready for the feast!
Gently blushing,
Gently flushing,
Like a bride before the priest!

O, what holy thoughts come o'er us
As we drink the morning's balm!
As we view the fields before us,
As we join the pleasant chorus
Of the morning's holy psalm!
As we wander,
As we ponder,
In the morning's blessed calm.

Thoughts of other, happier hours,
Come to us with memories rife;
And again we seek the bowers
Where we used to gather flowers

In the morning march of life ;
Memories greet us,
Pleasures meet us,
Yet unstained by care or strife.

O, how much of life is wasted
In this so called world of bliss ;
How much pleasure—grain is blasted ;
How much happiness untasted—
Just by keeping,
Dull eyes sleeping,
Such a holy morn as this !

Happy ! happy ! blessed morning !
May my soul retain the view ;
Ere the evening lamps are burning
May the holy picture warning,
Teach me to begin anew !
Guide me cheerful,
Make me prayerful,
Till life's pilgrim day is through.

CHEERFULNESS.

TONICS, stimulants, medicines ! There's nothing in all the pharmacopœias half so inspiriting as a cheerful temper ! Don't fancy yourself a victim ! Don't go through the world with a face half a yard long ! Don't persuade yourself that everything happens wrong ! My dear sir, you are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is a world of trial and trouble ! It is a great deal better to be without an arm or a leg than to lack cheerfulness ! What if the globe does not roll round in the precise direction you want it to ? Make the best of it. Put a pleasant face on the matter, and don't go about throwing water on the firesides of all the rest of mankind. If you are in want of an example, look at the birds, or the flowers, or the very sunshine on the grass ! Show us one grumbler in all Nature's wide domains ! The man who is habitually gay and cheerful has found the true philosopher's stone — ~~there~~ *there* is no cloud so dark but he sees the blue sky

beyond—no trouble so calamitous but he finds some blessing left him to thank Providence for. He may be poor and destitute, but he walks clad in an armor that all the mines of Golconda cannot purchase. Snow and rain cannot penetrate it—scorn and contumely fall harmless from its surface. The storm that sinks a less courageous craft can only compel him to trim his sails and try again ! And somehow, these people that keep trying, and always salute her ladyship with a bright face, are the prime favorites of Fortune. Who would be a thermometer, to rise and fall in spirit with every change of life's atmosphere ?

Whenever we see a man sighing, and billious, and despondent, about anything and everything, we know it is not his bodily but his mental health that is " out of gear." Cheerfulness is all he wants. Let him put on the spectacles of this merry-hearted neighbor, and it is wonderful what a different complexion the world will wear ! No matter how thick and fast vexations may come—there's nothing like a bright little ray of the soul's sunshine to disperse them. Counted in dollars and cents, your wealth may be but a paltry sum, but if you have a cheerful temper you are rich !

THE DIM OLD WOODS.

O, the dim old woods, the pathless woods,
Where the sunlight seldom gleams,
And the blue sky never is shadowed in
The hidden, dusky streams ;
Where the solemn tone of the wintry wind
Rings a grand, cathedral chime
Through the depths of the leafless forest trees,
Gemmed by the sparkling rime ;
Or, moaning like the restless sea,
With its ceaseless ebb and flow,
It ever holds a thought for me
Of the days of long ago.

I mind me of the one who left
The fireside and home,
When the springtide sun was shining bright,
In the forest depths to roam.
But when the breath of leaves and flowers,
The light of summer's smile,
Had passed away, his rustling step
Fell never there the while ;
But the starry frost-work, bright and cold,
Gleamed on the sleeper's bed,—
For the dim old woods, the pathless woods,
Held then our cherished dead.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Good bye, baby ; my Christmas gift. Good bye, mamma !" gaily said a young husband, to whom the words, father, mother, and baby, were so new that they still sounded strangely when he pronounced them, as he bestowed a kiss on each, one winter morning.

"Button your overcoat up close, Charles, and put on your overshoes, for it is raining, and cold beside," said the wife.

Obedient to the thoughtful request, he prepared to breast the inclement weather, pleasantly remarking—"There is but little need that I should do so, Anna ; for thoughts of you and baby would keep me warm without." Then looking back at them, again he bade them "good bye," closed the door and hurried off to perform that day's share of the battle of life with a heart as brave as ever nerved the arm of a king.

"I will win wealth for us," he said to himself, "and place, too, beside the proudest." And most manfully he kept the resolution while succeeding Christmas days like milestones marked his progress toward its fulfillment. One had been spent in the cottage from which he went forth that morning. On that one his boy was born. Others marked this or that aim achieved.

It was an humble little home they had, on that first Christmas : from a grander one each looked back with a secret sorrowing for the wealth of love, that some way they had contrived to leave behind them there. For as riches came, cares increased, and luxuries—a base coin—were unconsciously tendered in the stead of affection's gold. The morning leave was less lingeringly taken ; the kiss less fervently given, or, alack ! now and then not given at all.

To the wife came home the convictions that ambition had become her rival in her husband's love—a rival subtle and intangible, and difficult to cope with, stealthily and surely supplanting her. And the Christmas days to her became way marks, by which she measured the distance she had receded from the elysian era of her life—the period spent in

the humble home, where wants and cares were few and love and hope were wealth abundant. One bore record of a winning overture disregarded ; another of what, in her sensitiveness, she had considered a slight, and over which she had wept bitterly in secret, and afterward met him with hardened heart and icy reserve. On the last, were graven words of pique and pride, and from it towards the coming Christmas, fell shadows, in whose darkness walked demon-phantoms of doubt and discord. It was Christmas eve. The little Charlie was four years old ; to him Christmas was birthday, holiday, the year's great festival, which was to bring him all rewards and all good gifts. As it came near he never grew weary of hearing the sweet story of Him whose birthday was the First Christmas, and who was Himself the first Christmas gift. He had not failed to learn Christmas was his own birthday, too ; nor to make from the oft-repeated story his own childish deductions.

All day long he had prattled, and listened, and asked his pretty questions. His mother had taken him to visit the dear old house on the hill where she had lived so happily ; and there in the sunshine, while he listened to the birds, and watched the kids

at play, had told him the oft-repeated tale, and with a sigh for the light-heartedness of the things about her, had half unburdened her heart to her child. It would have been well if it had been her husband instead ; but pride and reserve had become barriers she had not the courage to break.

Now they had returned, and the father came home—this time the home was a very stately one—bringing with him one of those mysterious packages that come home with the fathers on Christmas eve, with directions that they “are not to be touched till to-morrow.” Giving Charlie a kiss, and a toss “toward the moon,” he entered the drawing-room, and “good evening” was pronounced in frigid accents by the parents from the extremities of the splendid apartment, coupled with the intelligence from the lady that dinner was waiting.

Across the table, resplendent with porcelain and silver, along with the viands, passed sharp words and sharp glances ; while the little one’s eyes opened wide with wonder, for this was Christmas eve, and the gift of which the Christmas angels sang was peace and good will to every one.

The meal was ended, and they were seated in the drawing-room by the fire, the husband devoting him-

self to the evening papers, the wife to her own sad thoughts, and little Charlie to watching for faces in the fire, and to the solving of some grave problem that troubled his childish head.

"Mamma, mamma," said Charlie, "tell me again of the Christ-child, who came on Christmas day; and, mamma, 'good will' means people will not be angry!"

"Yes, Charlie; hush!"

The father held his newspaper higher, but turned his ear listening towards the mother and child.

"Mamma, my birthday was Christmas, too!"

"Yes, my child."

"In the little cottage you showed me to-day, away over the hill? And, mamma, do the angels sing to you and papa on these Christmas days?"

"No, child, no! The angels have forgotten all about us since we left the cottage over the hill!" said the mother, with a sob.

"They have remembered us to-night, though, my son," said the father, as he clasped them together to his breast; and after giving a kiss to each he sat mingling his tears with hers until the hardness that each heart had accumulated was melted away.

And there they sat, hand in hand, before the glow-

ing grate, and recalled the way by which they had traveled from the path of peace ; marking its mistakes, that knowing them they might in future avoid them all.

It was late that night before the record of those unhappy years was finished and put aside ; and then, as they stood by the bed of their sleeping child, a hymn of thankfulness went up from each of their hearts for the Christmas gifts of Peace and Good Will He had brought them.

THE SNOWDROP AND THE ROSE.

A ROSE peeped out in the changing spring,
In a fond and sad mistake ;
She looked in vain for the butterfly's wing,
For the sleepers were not awake !

She blushed for her folly, but could not retreat ;
So she gazed the garden round—
Some early flowers were opening sweet
From the snowflake on the ground.

At her feet hung the snowdrop's graceful bell,
In its coronal of green ;
The yellow crocus was there as well,
By the side of the lovely queen !

" You little drop," said the haughty flower,
" Hold up your shy, pale face ;
I thought you had died in the summer hour,
And that spring had run her race !

" How dare you open your silly eye,
When my stately form is near ?
I hate such lowly creatures by—
I am queen, remember, here !"

The snowdrop raised its drooping head

From its bosom of sable green ;

Abroad its fragrant petals spread,

And addressed the stately queen :

" Softly, proud flower ! be gentle, I pray ;

For I reign by nature's right—

Remember, your beauty will pass away

In the frost-wind's coming blight.

" Despise not my unpretending form,

Nor scorn my innocent face ;

For I cheer man's heart in the gloomy hour,

In the humblest garden place.

" An emblem am I of the purity

That should be a maiden's pride ;

And the spirit of man when he shall die,

As me, must be purified !

" I grant you are gay in your crimson hue—

But beauty is passing fleet ;

And I think I am quite as welcome as you,

Though low at your queenly feet !

" Despise not humble worth, gay flower—

For we dwell in shadows here ;

I may flourish sweet in the wintry hour,

When you dare no more appear !"

STAR LAND.

AN October sky. How low the clouds float at sunset. It seems as if I could reach out my hand and smooth their rugged, mellow outlines. And yonder, what beautifully-careless dashes of purple and gold ! Below, a sea of blue spreads out between snowy mountains.

A frail, dainty spirit was Eva when she went away to the golden isles on high. Clouds and starlight were what she loved ; and as the sun slipped away at a late day, with my young head upon her knee, she caressed me, and sung as we watched the changing sky—as the heavens seemed to come near.

“ I think, darling,” she said, “ that sweet spirits dwell there, and that there are voices in the stars. When I feel sad, and go alone on the hillside and gaze on the flowers I soon return happier. It seems to me spirits dwell in their perfumed cups, and that they speak to and comfort my heart. So I imagine

that in every lonely spot, some mystic charm rests to make the place more holy and more worth loving. See how those transparent clouds move away in such smooth harmony ! There is a harp ; there is a maiden ; there a bark ! Does not a spirit dwell there also ? List ! I'm sure music comes from that sky. Do you ever think so ?”

“ Why, Eva, I see valleys, and harps, and maidens, but I hear no music. I think it must be the echo of your own sweet voice which you hear. Cloud spirits ? I think they should be angels, and dwell within the holy portals.”

“ I shall soon pass away from this world, and it would be sweet to be a spirit up there, where I could dwell so peacefully and smile on you in the beautiful stars of evening. I long now for it to be my home. Hear you not that delicious hymn of music that seems bidding me ‘ come ? ’ ” * *

So she went away as the June roses left the earth, and gave their tints to the evening sky. And I look up now and long to hear her music. It comes not to mine ear. The lilies that bend on their pensive stems were not paler than that brow, nor the sunlight of morning more welcome than the beaming beauty of her smiles.

Thank God that though a voice long loved may be stilled, yet memory hath a lyre whose strings are oft swept by a mystic hand that wakes the sweetest notes.

I sit this evening by the blue waters upon which the westward sun is painting golden-tinted pictures, and cool shadows are cast by the boats that are spreading their wings for the breeze. Even the oar-boat comes muffled from the wavelets, and the sea-bird lights softly in the wave-crests, and flies away as gently—and I'm alone in this stilly scene.

Slowly melt the clouds into blue, and a dusky shadow is on the sea. So soon has the beautiful rose-tint faded like golden dreams, and darkness come on.

A voice says, "Where is thy faith?"

Away over yonder hill-top breaks a gentle light. Hail, hail! 'tis the Queen of Night! Smiling through the clouds she rises majestically, her mellow smiles dimpling the cheek of the sea as a happy dream dimples the cheek of a maiden; and a host of stars come out and sing a hymn of "Holy, holy, holy!"

Ah, no! I am not alone. 'Tis there that they who have gone before, dwell. As daylight with its

cares and tumult passes away, and I wait on the beach at even-tide hour, I hold communion with them from the spirit-land.

List ! do I hear music from the stars—a voice and harp ? or are they only wild echoings of thoughts from the star-light of my imagination ?

No answer ?

Oh, starry hosts with trembling light,
A holy song ye sing at night,
Awaking thoughts of peaceful love,
And lifting thankful hearts above.

'Tis said ye form of heaven a part—
Ope'd gates through which its beauties dart—
Know ye the thoughts that wildly roll
Within the portals of my soul ?

Hear ye a spirit voice in song,
Sweet blending with the ransomed throng ?
Oh ! then, 'tis hers who blessed my youth,
And whispered words of gentle truth.

Ah, tell me if they know us there,
And list the lonely, evening prayer ?
Then hushing thus each coming sigh,
We'll see hope's star-light fill the sky !

THE HERDSMAN OF THE HEIGHT.

I am the herdsman of the height,
The mountain swells beneath my sight;
The glowing morn I earliest see,
Its latest sunbeams fall on me,—
The herdsman of the height.

Here gushes first the streamlet forth,
To gladden realms of south and north;
We drink the waters cool from earth,
Whence mighty rivers take their birth,—
We herdsmen of the height.

The blaze and thunder of the sky
Are at our feet, with heaven nigh;
We hear unhurt the storms increase,
Their wrath mars not our homestead's peace,—
We herdsmen of the height.

When loud the storm-bell's peal we hear,
When lightning makes the hills appear,—
The flashing lightning on the night,—
We joy to see so grand a sight,—
We herdsmen of the height.

THE LAY PREACHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WHETHER the Rev. Andrew Adkin had, or had not, a call to preach, is more than we can say. Enough, that he considered it his duty to "hold forth" occasionally on the Sabbath; and when "Brother Adkin" saw, in any possible line of action, his duty, he never took counsel of Jonah.

Brother Adkin kept a store in the town of Mayberry, and being a man of some force of character, and not, by any means, indifferent to the world's goods, devoted himself to business during the six days of the week with commendable assiduity. It is not the easiest thing in the world to banish, on the Sabbath, all concern in regard to business. Most persons engaged in trade, no matter how religiously inclined, have experienced this difficulty. Brother Adkin's case did not prove an exception; and so intrusive, often, were these worldly thoughts and cares, that they desecrated, at times, the pulpit, making

the good man's voice falter and his hands tremble, as he endeavored, "in his feeble way," to break the bread of life.

He had his own trials and temptations—his own stern "exercises of mind," going to the extent, not unfrequently, of startling doubts as to the reality of his call to preach.

"I don't see much fruit of my labor," he would sometimes say to himself, "and I often think I do more harm than good."

Such thoughts, however, were usually disposed of, as suggestions of the "adversary."

A week in the life of Brother Adkin will show the peculiar influences that acted upon him, and how far his secular pursuits interfered with and marred his usefulness as a preacher.

Monday morning had come round again. He had preached twice on the Sabbath—once to a strange congregation, and with apparent good effect, and once to a congregation in Mayberry. In the latter case, he was favored with little freedom of utterance. The beginning of the secular week brought back to the mind of Mr. Adkin the old current of thought, and the old earnest desire to get gain in business. On the Sabbath he had taught the people that love

was the fulfillment of the law,—now, he had regard only to his own interests ; and, although he did not adopt the broad, unscrupulous maxim, that all is fair in trade, yet, in every act of buying and selling, the thought uppermost in his mind was, the amount of gain to be received in the transaction.

“ What are you paying for corn to-day ?” asked a man, a stranger to Mr. Adkin.

“ Forty-eight cents,” was answered.

“ Is this the highest market rate ?” said the man.

“ I bought fifty bushels at that price on Saturday,” replied Mr. Adkin.

Now, since Saturday, the price of corn had advanced four cents, and Mr. Adkin knew it. But he thought he would just try his new customer with the old price, and if he chose to sell at that, why there would be so much gained.

“ I have forty bushels,” said the man.

“ Very well, I’ll take it at forty-eight cents. Where is it ?”

“ My wagon is at the tavern.”

“ You may bring it over at once. My man is now at leisure to attend to the delivery.”

The corn was delivered and paid for, and both

parties, for the time being, were well satisfied with the transaction.

The day had nearly run to a close, and Mr. Adkin was in the act of estimating his gains, when the man from whom he had purchased the corn entered his store.

"Look here, my friend," said the latter, speaking rather sharply, "you paid me too little for that corn."

"How so?" returned Mr. Adkin, in well-affected surprise.

"You was to pay me the highest market price," said the man.

"I offered you forty-eight cents."

"And I asked you if that was the highest rate, didn't I?"

"I told you that I had bought fifty bushels at that price on Saturday."

"O, ho! Now I comprehend you," said the man, with a sarcastic curl of his lip. "I was recommended to you as a preacher, and one who would deal fairly with me. I asked you a plain question, and you purposely misled me in your answer, to the end that you might get my corn at less than the market value. You have cheated me out of nearly two dollars. Much good may it do you!"

And saying this, he turned on his heel and left the store. Mr. Adkin was, of course, no little disturbed. The charge of dishonesty in dealing at first aroused his indignation ; but, as he grew calmer and thought over the affair, his conscience troubled him. As a Christian man, and especially as a Christian minister, he could not reconcile his dealing with strict gospel requirements. The more he reflected, the more closely he brought his conduct to the standard of Christian principles, the less was he satisfied with himself. The final result was, a determination to go to the man on the next morning, and pay him the balance due him on the market price of his corn. But, when he sought for him, he was not to be found, having gone back to his home a few miles from the village.

On the next day he sent for a bill, which had been standing a good while. His clerk brought back some impertinent, and altogether unsatisfactory answer.

"Did Mr. Giles say that?" he asked, his eyes flashing indignantly.

"His exact words," replied the clerk.

"Very well. I'll not send to him again," said Mr. Adkin. "He thinks, because I am a preacher,

that he can treat me as he pleases, but I'll let him know that being a preacher doesn't make me any the less a man, nor any the less inclined to protect myself."

So Mr. Giles was served with a summons, to answer for debt, before the week was out.

On the day following, a certain lady, a member of the congregation in Mayberry to which he preached, whenever, from sickness or other causes, the regular minister was absent, came into Mr. Adkin's store. Her manner was considerably excited.

"There's a mistake in your bill, Mr. Adkin," said she, in rather a sharp tone of voice.

"If so, Mrs. Smith, the remedy is a very simple one," replied Mr. Adkin. Her manner had disturbed him, yet he concealed this disturbance under a forced suavity of manner. "Where does the mistake lie?"

"Why, see here. You've got me charged with six yards of muslin and five pounds of butter that I never got!"

"Are you certain of this, Mrs. Smith?"

"Certain! Be sure I'm certain! D'ye think I'd say I hadn't the things, if I'd had them? I'm not quite so bad as that, Mr. Adkin!"

"Don't get excited about the matter, Mrs. Smith. We are all liable to mistakes. There's an error here, either on your side or mine. If it is my error, I will promptly correct it."

"Of course it's your error. I never had either the muslin or the butter," said Mrs. Smith, positively.

Mr. Adkin turned to his ledger, where Mrs. Smith's account was posted.

"The muslin is charged on the 10th of June."

Mrs. Smith looked at the bill, and answered affirmatively.

"You bought a pound of yarn and a straw hat on the same day?"

"Yes; I remember them. But I didn't get the muslin."

"Think again, Mrs. Smith. Don't you remember the beautiful piece of Merrimac that I showed you, and how cheap you thought it?"

"I never had six yards of muslin, Mr. Adkin."

"But, Mrs. Smith, I have a distinct recollection of measuring it off, and the charge is here in my own handwriting."

"I never had it, Mr. Adkin!" said the lady, much excited.

"You certainly had, Mrs. Smith."

"I'll never pay for it!"

"Don't say that, Mrs. Smith. You certainly wouldn't want my goods without paying for them!"

"I never had the muslin, I tell you!"

Argument in the case Mr. Adkin found to be useless. The sale of the five pounds of butter was as distinctly remembered by him; and, as he was not the man to yield a right when he had no doubt as to its existence, he would not erase the articles from Mrs. Smith's bill, which was paid under protest.

"It's the last cent you'll ever get of my money!" said Mrs. Smith, as she handed over the amount of the bill. "I never had those articles; and I shall always say that I was wronged out of so much money."

"I'm sure, madam, I don't want your custom, if I'm expected to let you have my goods for nothing," retorted Mr. Adkin, the natural man in him growing strong under an allegation that implied dishonesty.

So the two parted, neither feeling good will towards the other, and neither being in a very composed state of mind.

Each day in that week brought something to disturb the mind of Mr. Adkin; and each day brought him into unpleasant business contact with some one

in the town of Mayberry. To avoid these things was almost impossible, particularly for a man of Mr. Adkin's temperament.

Saturday night came, always a busy night for the storekeeper. It was ten o'clock, and customers were still coming in, when a lad handed Mr. Adkin a note. It was from the regularly stationed minister of the church in Mayberry to which Mr. Adkin belonged. The note stated, briefly, that the writer was so much indisposed, that he would not be able to preach on the next day, and conveyed the request that "Brother Adkin" would "fill the pulpit for him in the morning."

Brother Adkin almost groaned in spirit at this unwelcome and not-to-be-denied invitation to perform ministerial duties on the Sabbath. Of theological subjects, scarcely a thought had entered his mind since Monday morning; and, certainly, the states through which he had passed were little calculated to elevate his affections, or make clear his spiritual intuitions.

It was twelve o'clock before Mr. Adkin was able to retire on that night. As he rested his weary and now aching head on his pillow, he endeavored to turn his mind from worldly things, and fix it upon

things heavenly and eternal. But, the current of thought and affection had too long been flowing in another channel. The very effort to check its onward course, caused disturbance and obscurity. There was a brief but fruitless struggle, when over-taxed nature vindicated her claims, and the lay preacher found relief from perplexing thoughts and a troubled conscience, in refreshing slumber.

In the half-dreaming, half-waking state that comes with the dawning of day, Mr. Adkin's thoughts flowed on again in the old channel, and when full consciousness came, he found himself busy with questions of profit and loss. Self-accusation and humiliation followed. He "wrote bitter things against himself," for this involuntary desecration of the Sabbath.

Rising early, he took his Bible, and after turning over book after book and scanning chapter after chapter, finally chose a verse as the text from which he would preach. Hurriedly and imperfectly our lay preacher conned his subject. Clearness of discrimination, grasp of thought, orderly arrangement, were out of the question. That would have been too much for a master mind, under similar circumstances.

Eleven o'clock came around quickly, and painfully conscious of an obscure and confused state of mind, Mr. Adkin entered the house of God and ascended the pulpit. A little while he sat, endeavoring to collect his thoughts ; then he arose and commenced giving out a hymn. Lifting his eyes from the book, as he finished reading the first verse, he saw, directly in front of him, the man from whom he had purchased the forty bushels of corn. He was looking at him fixedly, and there was on his countenance an expression of surprise and contempt, that, bringing back, as the man's presence did, a vivid recollection of the events of Monday, almost deprived Mr. Adkin, for a moment or two, of utterance. He faltered, caught his breath, and went on again with reading. On raising his eyes at the conclusion of the second verse, Mr. Adkin saw his corn customer slowly moving down the aisle towards the door of entrance. How keenly he felt the rebuke ! How sadly conscious was he of being out of place in the pulpit !

After the singing of the hymn, the preacher made a prayer ; but it was cold and disjointed. He had no freedom of utterance. A chapter was read, an anthem sung, and then Mr. Adkin arose in the pul-

pit, took his text, and, ere giving utterance to the first words of his discourse, let his eyes wander over the congregation. A little to the right sat Mr. Giles, wearing a very sober aspect of countenance, and looking at him with knit brows and compressed lips. The sight caused the words "brother going to law with brother" to pass almost electrically through his mind. As his glance rebounded from Mr. Giles quickly, it next rested upon Mrs. Smith, who, with perched head, and a most malicious curling of the lip, said, as plain as manner could say it—"You're a nice man for a preacher, ain't you?"

How Mr. Adkin beat about the bushes and wrought in obscurity, darkening counsel by words without knowledge during the half hour that followed the enunciation of his text, need not here be told. None was more fully conscious than himself of his utter failure to give spiritual instruction to the waiting congregation. The climax, so far as he was concerned, was yet to come. As he descended the pulpit stairs, at the close of the service, some one slipped a piece of paper into his hand. Glancing at the penciled writing thereon, he read the rebuking words :

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

How could he feed them ? Are holy and divine things of such easy comprehension, that a man may devote the whole energies of his mind to worldly business during six days, and then become a lucid expounder of heavenly mysteries on the Sabbath ? The influx of intelligence into the mind of a speaker, is in exact ratio with the knowledge he has acquired. He may have, without this previous preparation, "free utterance," as it is called ; but this utterance brings no rational convictions ; it sways only by the power of contagious enthusiasm. Moreover, as in the case of Mr. Adkin, every lay preacher takes with him into the pulpit a taint from worldly and business contact, and his presence there must turn the thoughts of many hearers from his clerical to his personal character—from the truth he enunciates, to his practical observance thereof in daily life. He may be judged falsely ; but the fact of his blending the two separate characters of clergyman and layman, forms an occasion for false judgment, and detracts from the usefulness of the sacred office.

Whether Mr. Adkin "held forth" again, we cannot apprise the reader. New light, and new perceptions of duty certainly came into his mind ; and we may hope that, as he was a well-meaning and

conscientious man, he was led to act wisely in the future.

Having given a true picture of a week in the life of the lay preacher, our business with him is done. It is for those whom it may concern to study the sketch, and see if it does not contain some points worthy their especial consideration.

A HEART TO BE GIVEN.

I've a heart to bestow on the girl I could love,
As faithful and fond as the heart of a dove;
It seeks for affection, for feeling and truth,
That may live like the beautiful first love of youth.
It was made by earth's Maker to beat with the free—
A foe to all tyrants it ever must be!
The lovely of earth, and of ocean, and sky,
Attract its emotions as life passes by.
It can love all that's lovely, whatever it be—
Yet 'tis proud as a king, and as jealous as he!
It is stern as a warrior's, and not very "faint;"
It pretends to religion, yet it is not a saint!
It honors all things that are worthy or great,
It believes too, a little in what is called "fate."
For the wretched it feels—with the sad it can mourn—
And often, too often, by pain it is torn;
It has sorrowed for poverty's sorrowing child,
And with his good fortune again it has smiled—
It can live on forever unchanging and true,
For it never is taken with *all* that is new.
It is desolate *now*—and it seeks for a mate—
If haply such gift may be given by fate—
It asks not for beauty, nor covets much gold,
And I trust that the *best* remains to be told:
It seeks a companion—a heart it could love—
O, where is the mate for this "desolate dove?"

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

DEATH at any period of life before the ripest old age, is unnatural. It is as plain as any other fact or principle in the plan of creation, that our Creator has made man with a capacity for living until the machinery of his body is worn out with age. If ever the art of life is understood perfectly, and the physiological laws of nature are obeyed strictly, instances of death, before the full term of human existence has been fulfilled, will be as rare as extreme old age is now.

One of the most melancholy results of our present imperfection in knowledge of the art of life, and our disregard of the laws of health, is the terrible fact that a large proportion of all the mortality of our race, occurs with children of a tender age. What a fearful record does our weekly bill of mortality display ! And how should the parents of children and all conservators of the public health ponder upon

the causes, probable or possible, which lead to this result.

It is the buds and blossoms that death tramples to dust, while the sturdier, mature plants escape ; and if his shafts are aimed impartially at all, they tell with greatest effect upon the little ones. And if his blows fall thickest and hardest upon the core of the family circle—nearest the heart of the parent—the wounds inflicted there are most deep and lasting. There is in all this world no sorrow like that of the parent bereft of children. David of old said, “ I am distressed for thee my brother, Jonathan,” but over the body of his rebellious child he cried with heart-breaking agony, “ Would God *I had died for thee*, O Absalom, my son ! my son ! ”

It is only those who have drank this cup can realize its bitterness. The sympathy of friends, kindly intended and most gratefully received and appreciated, cannot reach the wounded heart of the bereaved parent. There is no consolation on earth, and the power of religion only enables the sufferer to bear a wound which even it cannot heal.

How many mothers there are whose thoughts under all the circumstances of their lives are flying back to the graves where their child sleeps in the

strong embrace of death. How many a father is there, who, since he first arose from the dust in which he was prostrated by the blow that struck from his side a darling little son, has covered the bleeding wound from sight, and whose very life depends upon his hiding it from himself and the world—who is obliged, with resolute purpose and nerves strung for the effort, to hold the grief that would wrestle with his spirit at arm's length, lest it should hourly prostrate him in the dust—who must constantly drive away from the windows of his soul the little pleading face that would come back to commune with its earthly father—must ever unclasp the little fingers from the casement so that the too dearly loved one may drop into the darkness without and beneath—or must else turn and flee from himself, and strive in the whirl of the busy world to escape from the haunting vision with which he ever longs to commune but dares not! who prays and waits for the time to come when he can bear an interview with the little lost one, and yield himself up fully to the sweet memories of the past, when they lived and were happy together! How many go about with smiling faces and plunge fiercely into whatever excitements are at hand, while the parental

feeling is damed up in their bosoms, ready to burst forth and overwhelm them with agony !

There are griefs, and this is one of the mightiest, too deep for tears, too heavy to be borne, and from which we must fly when possible—with which we must struggle as best we may, when they come upon us in the lone watches of the night, and whose consolation is that some time death will cure them by bringing us into the presence of those who have “gone before.”

Until the millennial day has come, when the art of living shall be perfectly known, the unnatural and most cruel deaths of so many of the young will continue, and their parents will mourn for them and “refuse to be comforted because they are not.”

BE KIND.

BITTER words are often spoken
Rashly ere a second thought—
Loving hearts estranged and broken
By cold words unkindly fraught—
Gentle bosoms warm responding
To each other's kindred tone,
Thoughtless deeds have made desponding,
Desecrating love's pure throne.

Guard your trust in faithful keeping,
Human love and truth extend ;
Speak to all kind words of greeting—
Light with darkness night may blend :
Throwing rays of human kindness
Warmly o'er the downcast soul,
Waking man from utter blindness,
Unto love beyond control !

Man is mortal, dust must perish—
But immortal works endure ;
O, frail man, how vain to cherish
Hatred to your evil doer !

Vain to fancied wrongs add error—
Fresh incentive to the strife—
To create a reign of terror,
And embitter all of life!

Then, be kind!
All are brothers—ordained equal,
All of one great Father born;
Be ye true, that life's best sequel
Dawns on resurrection morn!
Kind and true, that life's day ending,
"Angels be your guide and guard,"
That no shadows dark come blending
On your journey heavenward!

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MANY people make the present unhappy by fears respecting time to come. To-day is never enjoyed, because to-morrow is always dreaded. The blessings and privileges which they are really in possession of, are not appreciated, lest, in some sudden and unexpected manner, they should be deprived of them. The most joyous, the most social, the most pleasing of interviews, may be saddened and chilled by the melancholy and prophetic anticipations of approaching evil of one who is perpetually "borrowing trouble." The clear and unclouded horizon of to-day, is darkened by gloomy forebodings of an overcast sky on the morrow. True happiness, to such, is something hoped for, but never obtained ; sought after, but never found. Insurmountable obstacles are seen at every turn, and lions are ever standing in

the way, whose roarings are always expected, but rarely heard. Dark forms, with darker designs, seem to crouch in out-of-the-way places, and every movement is made with that trembling distrust and apprehension which denotes the presence of the demon, fear. The broad, open page of the present is disregarded for the sealed book of the future, and positive knowledge exchanged for dim uncertainty.

An organization like this is an unfortunate one for the possessor, and for those among whom his or her lot may be cast ; for the influences of such a disposition cannot but be disadvantageous.

A case in point recurs to my mind. Near my father's residence lived a Mrs. Nott, who, as the neighbors unanimously affirmed, was one of the "worrying kind." She was blessed with a kind husband, promising children, and a goodly portion of worldly substance. But these did not suffice to make her happy ; she had heard that riches sometimes take to themselves wings, and how should she know but their turn might come next ; or that her children might be exposed to contagious or malignant diseases, which would consign them to early graves, or mar their beauty for life ? Such things had happened, and might happen again.

Her husband might commit an error in business matters, and reduce them all to penury ; for she had decided long ago, that he did not possess half her judgment and discernment.

Mrs. Nott was the last to retire at night, and always made it a practice to examine every door and window in the house, to see if they were properly secured against robbers, and burglarious attempts in general ; not a trifling matter, by any means, when it is considered that the house was a large one, and the windows numerous. But Mrs. Nott never faltered in the line of her duty, for the safety of herself and family depended upon her watchfulness ; or at least she thought so. The lady also took the precaution of looking into the several closets, and beneath the different beds in the establishment, to make sure that no malicious persons were concealed. Her silver was invariably collected nightly, secured in a small trunk, and placed by her bedside, that no servant might be exposed to the temptation of theft ; and I verily believe that Mrs. Nott would have laid awake all night, had it remained for once in its accustomed place. One morning I made a neighborly call at her residence, just after she had recovered from a fever.

"I am happy to see you so well again," I remarked.

"There's no telling how long it may last," she replied, her face perceptibly lengthening as she spoke.

"But do you not feel as well, or better, than before you were sick?"

"Well, I can't say but I do; but you know that appearances are sometimes deceptive. But between you and me," she added, seriously, "I coughed severely once yesterday, and twice to-day; I shouldn't wonder at all if I were soon the victim of a quick consumption."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Nott!" I exclaimed, striving to suppress the smile which I knew would give offence.

"That's just what my husband says, but he'll see his mistake sometime!" ejaculated the lady, coughing slightly to give emphasis to her words.

"But you don't have the appearance of a person in a decline; I'm sure I can't perceive any such indications."

"Haven't I a hectic, Miss Chase; tell me that!"

"Your cheeks are red, certainly; but that may be the result of"—frying cakes, I should have added, if prudence had not restrained me; for on entering,

I had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Nott in the kitchen, assisting the cook in some such service as I have named. The lady, however, saved me the trouble of finishing my sentence, by immediately remarking :—

“That she had heard of a young lady, who was not considered dangerously ill, who walked about her room, and received company as usual, but who died on the same night ; and she should not be surprised if her own case should prove a parallel one.”

The subject began to weary me, and I changed it by asking “if she meant to attend lectures during the coming winter.”

“I would like to, but that gratification is denied me. People must sacrifice something for their children,” she replied, with the air of a martyr.

“Why, Mrs. Nott !” I exclaimed, in surprise ; “your children are every one old enough to take care of themselves, and Sarah, I am sure, is as steady and sedate as yourself ; she would be glad to take your place.”

“Sarah is a good child, but she lacks experience ; and I should not take a minute’s comfort if I left them. They might be taken sick, and nobody here to look after them ; or their clothes might catch

fire ; or they might get frightened ; or somebody might break into the house ; at any rate, you may be sure that *something* would happen in my absence. And then there's another thing ; buildings have got to falling down lately ; and I wouldn't put myself among a crowd of people in a lecture room, for any money."

At this juncture, I fear I smiled rather incredulously.

" You may laugh, but it is true ; for no longer ago than last Sunday, the gallery in our church creaked so dreadfully, that I really didn't feel safe ; so I got up and went out, notwithstanding the minister was in the middle of his sermon. I motioned to husband and the children to follow, but they were too foolhardy to mind me, and sat there just as cool and composed, as though there was no danger. Some people are so easy and careless, Miss Chase."

And thus it was about everything ; and I was informed, on good authority, that since the gallery had given forth such threatening sounds—which nobody else heard—she could not be persuaded to occupy the family pew in front of the altar, but sat quite near the door, so that she could instantly rush out at the first intimation of a crash.

When she went to ride, the horse must be allowed to walk, so that in case he became restive or frightened, more control could be had over him ; or should the harness give way in any part, the result might be less shocking.

One day, seeing her hand bandaged, and thinking she might have wounded it, I made inquiries accordingly ; but was not a little amused upon hearing her gravely reply, " that she had pricked it the day previous, and fearing lest lockjaw or mortification should ensue, had applied a remedy in time—acting on the old adage that 'prevention is better than cure.' "

She had a perfect horror of railroad cars, and never patronized them except when absolutely necessary ; on those occasions, taking a solemn leave of her family, and predicting an awful catastrophe before her return. At one time, I had seated myself in the cars a few moments before the hour of starting, and being engaged in reading, did not perceive the entrance of Mrs. Nott, who took possession of a vacant seat just before me, looking very anxious and unhappy. Knowing her peculiar state of mind, and thinking a knowledge of my presence might make her more easy, I touched her gently on the arm.

"O, Clara, is that you?" she exclaimed. "I know that some dreadful thing is going to happen, for just see how the cars rock. I really believe we're off the track!"

"I imagine we shouldn't be going at this rate, if that were the case," I replied, calmly drawing off my glove.

"Then we *are* going fast?" she asked, grasping more tightly her carpet-bag, and taking a firmer hold of the arm rest.

"All of fifty miles an hour, ma'am," said a young man, mischievously, taking advantage of her fears. I could not resist laughing, for there was a long train, and we were creeping along, at that moment, at a very slow rate.

"O, Clara, how can you, when, perhaps, the next moment we may be—conductor! conductor!" she cried, at the top of her voice, as that personage walked hastily by; but, hearing himself called, returned.

"What *is* the matter?" asked Mrs. Nott, with much concern. "Do tell us, sir, is there much danger? The boiler isn't going to burst, is it?—the cars haven't got off the track, have they?—we haven't run over anybody, have we?"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you, madam; everything is all right," was the urbane reply of the official, as he turned away.

"You heard what he said, Mrs. Nott, and now you can remain perfectly easy," said I, not quite relishing the attention which we were attracting.

"O dear, I wish I hadn't started! I didn't want to, but husband said he would speak to the conductor to take care of me; great care I should think it was, for I haven't set eyes on him but once!" added the lady, somewhat indignantly.

"I suppose he has something else to do," I remarked; "but you are not enjoying this fine scenery, as I am, Mrs. Nott."

"Enjoying the scenery!" repeated the lady; "I should as soon think of enjoying myself riding after a wild animal! But what was *that*?" she added, growing pale.

"Nothing but the steam whistle. Do pray be quiet, Mrs. Nott, for we are creating much amusement for the passengers," I replied, in a low tone.

But neither my protestations, nor the assurances of the conductor, whom she hailed every time he passed by, were sufficient to make Mrs. Nott content. She made him promise faithfully, that the

cars should be stopped long enough for her to make a safe exit ; and when said promise was performed, I was not sorry to find myself alone.

“So much for borrowing trouble,” I thought. “Mrs Nott is naturally a good-hearted, amiable woman, but her constant anxiety and solicitude render others, as well as herself, unhappy. Her children are not fond of her society, for their bright and happy spirits are chilled by repeated allusions to coming misfortune ; the boys are called in from some inviting game, ~~lest~~ they should be knocked down by runaway horses ; and the girls are kept within doors, for fear of catching colds, which might possibly end in croup or consumption.”

Mrs. Nott is still living, and though no serious accident has befallen herself or family, she yet fears that such will be the case ; cautioning, worrying, and prophesying as much as ever. She takes no comfort herself, and, like the dog in the manger, prevents others from doing so.

The case we have recorded is not a solitary one ; for there are many, who, by anticipating trouble, suffer all the pain and anxiety of the events, which, ten chances to one, are never destined to transpire.

UNLEARNED TO LOVE.

He hath unlearned to love : for once he loved
A being whom his soul almost adored,
And she proved faithless—turned in scorn upon
His heart's affections ; to another gave
The love she once did pledge as all his own.
And now he doth not love: Within his heart
Hate dwells in sullen silence. His soul broods
Over its wrongs, over deluded hopes.
Fancy no more builds airy castles ;
Amid the crowd he passes on alone.
The branches wave no more to please his eye,
And the wind singeth no sweet songs to him.
The murmuring brook but murmurs discontent,
And all his life is death since love hath fled.

O, who shall count his sorrows ? Who shall make
An estimate of his deep, burning woes,
And place them all in order, rank on rank ?
Language is weak to tell the heart's deep wrongs.
We think, and muse, and in our endless thought
We strive to grasp with all the mind's vast strength
The undefinable extent of spirit grief,
And fail to accomplish the herculean task.

PLEASANT SOCIAL COMPANIONS.

MY wife and I were sitting after tea playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was a beautiful, large, green mantis ; and as we were watching his almost human motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face, while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began humming about her head, and face, and dress ; the flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvia ; and the flying bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your finger smell most dreadfully for many hours ; and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling ; then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs. Acland to bed, to get under the mosquito curtains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a mosquito on the side of my face, up went my hand with a tremendous

slap on the cheek to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around. Presently, with a loud and startling hum, a rhinoceros beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair; and the first I touched was a flying bug; the stench was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both hands. I nearly fell over a toad, on which I trod, and reached my bedroom to find eighteen or twenty great toads, crouched in different parts of the room, and five large bats whirling round and round the bed. Having washed my hands in Eau de Cologne, I quickly undressed and fell asleep. In the course of the night a troop of jackalls surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then at about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum, and the loud voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldiers, the firing, and all the bustle of the parade; and as soon as this is over, comes the changing guard and the "shoulder har-r-ms," and the "quick mar-r-ch," near our houses, and so we got up.—*Rev. W. Wilson's Life in India.*

RETROSPECTION.

How rapidly time is passing !
The winter will soon be here ;
And thought is backward glancing
O'er the scenes of the closing year.

While memory busily bringeth
From amid the bygone hours,
Full many a fond hope faded,
Like the last of autumn flowers :

And many a cherished treasure
Hath been swept from earth away ;
And the finger of death has warned us
That all earthly will decay.

Joy and woe alternate glance
O'er the chequered path of life ;
And hopes we deem the fairest,
With blight are oftenest rife.

Yet teaching a useful lesson---
To prepare for a home above,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er shall come,
But all is peace and love.



